

# Catholic Digest

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**G**OD shall wipe away all tears from the eyes of the saints: and now there shall be no more mourning, nor crying, nor any sorrow, for the former things have passed away. Neither shall they hunger, nor thirst any more, neither shall the sun beat upon them nor any heat. For the former things have passed away.

From Matins of the Office of Martyrs.

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## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts.



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NOVEMBER, 1946

## PATSY LI

By FREDERIC P. GEHRING, C.M.

*What's in a name?*

**A**T THE height of battle on Guadalcanal, a handful of the natives came to us through the Japanese lines carrying a cruelly injured and bleeding little Chinese girl.\* The Christian natives brought their precious cargo to the marines; for only they would be able to save her life.

Who was she? The natives did not know. They thought she might be the child of a Chinese couple who had lived on the neighboring island of Tulagi before the war. Of one thing they were sure: life had been beaten almost out of her. They had found her in a pool of blood after the Japanese attack. In pity, they had lifted her up gently and made for the American camp as fast as they could, dodging Japanese patrols.

The commanding officer of our base turned the poor waif over to me. A navy doctor and corpsmen soon had her wounds cleansed and the deep gash on her head, made apparently with the butt of a rifle, expertly bandaged. Her arms and legs had been slashed with a

saber or knife. The doctor held out only faint hope that she would live.

I placed a medal about her neck and commended her to the care of Mary Immaculate. All through the night we prayed in vigil beside her bed. In the morning she rallied; but when she opened her narrow eyes and saw us she cried out in terror, for she could not tell one man in uniform from another and seemed to think anyone in uniform would beat or stab her. By and by I was able to calm her.

She fluttered between life and death for days. The Japanese were concentrating their attack upon our base, which was only a stone's throw from Henderson field. Daylight brought in enemy bombers; the night was filled with shellfire from Japanese warships standing off our island. This was, in fact, the last bid of the enemy to take back the precious island we had conquered at such enormous cost.

During the attacks we carried the whimpering child into our foxhole. Our boys, who had weathered four months of such attacks without flinch-

\* See CATHOLIC DIGEST, April, 1943, p. 84.

ing, now were shaken with fear for the safety of the nameless Chinese girl. Perhaps her childish screams at the exploding shells brought memories of their own little ones at home. Each man seemed to hold his breath in dread that something might happen to the battle waif.

"What shall we name her?" a marine asked me one night as we crouched in a foxhole. Scores of Chinese names ran through my mind while I thought of the many orphans I had baptized during my missionary days in China before the war. Into my head popped my own Chinese name, Li.

"We'll call her Patsy Li," I said. "It means 'little white plum blossom.' The Chinese go for a name like that." As that little blossom unfolded and Patsy's quivering tongue was loosed, she became the belle of Guadalcanal. Marines from all over the island would trudge in to the padre's tent just to see the little Chinese girl. Mud-spattered fighting men, whose long days in the jungle made them look like savages, came laden with tropical fruit and bits of candy for our princess. She began to like us.

As Patsy grew in strength we felt that she had to be taken out of the range of enemy guns. The only place I knew where she would be safe and taken care of properly was on Espiritu Santo, an island 600 miles south of us. There, a kindly French missionary, known to me as Père Jean, conducted a hospital for natives and plantation owners. My commanding officer approved transfer of our little charge.

Patsy Li had her first ride in a jeep and her first sky ride, the dangerous 600-mile hop over the open sea in a navy plane.

We made Espiritu Santo safely and found Père Jean. I told him Patsy's story and—but I had better hurry over my parting with Patsy. Being with the marines was one thing; I was among them when everybody was afraid that Guadalcanal might turn out to be another Bataan, and I did what a priest could for them. I saw them die in swarms, held their heaving bodies while they whispered their last messages of love for the dear ones at home. I buried them by the hundreds. I consoled many a lad who had lost his buddy during the jungle battles. But parting with Patsy was something different. I handed her into the arms of Père Jean. She cried bitterly. I turned on my heel and stumbled off.

I spent the night on the island with my good friend, Captain Joel White, USN, who built the first naval hospital in the Solomons. He had a guest staying in his tent, Foster Hailey, a New York *Times* war correspondent. I told them about Patsy Li. Hailey leaped to his typewriter. Before morning, Patsy's story was flashing across the Pacific. We didn't know it then, but this was only the first chapter in the story.

That was in January, 1943. Three or four months later, when Patsy was fairly well recovered, she was transferred to a larger orphanage on Efate, an island still farther south. When Hailey followed her south several months afterwards, he went to the orphanage



on Efate to see her. He wrote another article for his paper, telling of the wonders the Sisters had worked in bringing Patsy back almost from the grave to excellent health and spirits.

Meanwhile, in New York, an energetic Chinese woman physician from Singapore was doing research work on cancer. She was preparing to return to the East at the end of the war to aid her afflicted people. Her name was Katherine Li. She read Hailey's articles in the *Times*. She was struck by the name of Patsy Li, for her married sister in Singapore, Mrs. Ruth Li, had a daughter named Patsy. Katherine Li had not heard from the Singapore family since the beginning of the war.

Not until it was over did she receive news from her sister. It was bad news. Mrs. Ruth Li and her family had suffered greatly. On Feb. 14, 1942, this mother and her two daughters, Patsy, 6, and Lottie, 2, were aboard the S.S. *Kuala*, which was attempting to escape from Singapore with refugees. Japanese aircraft attacked the small ship and sank it.

Mrs. Li and her two children were thrown into the water. She placed Patsy astride a bit of wreckage and told her to hold on. She herself clasped the baby. Unable to swim, Mrs. Li was sucked under the foundering ship and lost her hold on Lottie. Coming again to the surface, Mrs. Li was picked up by the Japanese. She did not see her two children again.

Katherine Li in New York, on learning of the fate of her little nieces, wrote to her sister about Hailey's articles.

Patsy Li. One Patsy Li had disappeared. One Patsy Li had been found. Could it be . . . ? It was unthinkable. Singapore is 4,000 miles from Guadalcanal.

Christmas day, 1945, Hailey, in New York, received an urgent letter from Mrs. Ruth Li. She asked for all the information he could give her about the little waif I had happened to name Patsy Li.

I returned to New York in March, 1946. Hailey got in touch with me at once to tell me the new chapter about Patsy Li. This was the first time I ever heard of Dr. Katherine Li or of Mrs. Ruth Li and her two children in Singapore. For the past six months I had been shuttling back and forth between Tokyo and the west coast, as chaplain aboard a navy transport. This new development was fantastic. Why, Patsy Li was simply a name I made up for a little girl from nowhere, in a fox-hole on Guadalcanal.

I'll let Hailey tell the final chapter of the story of Patsy Li. After all, this is his part of the story.

"I was skeptical. Father Gehring, now back in this country, also was skeptical. We both wrote Mrs. Li, however, suggesting, without collaboration, that although we doubted that the little girl could possibly be her Patsy, it would be a blessed thing for both of them if she would adopt our 'Patsy Li' as her own.

"For many weary months, Mrs. Li had been struggling, through mountains of red tape, towards Efate. She was dissuaded by nothing. Vicairé Jules

Halbert, at Efate, wrote her that he believed the little girl to be Leong Me Fong, daughter of a Chinese couple killed by the Japanese. Disregarding all counsel except that of her heart, Mrs. Li finally won her way to Efate. A cable from her on Aug. 4, 1946, triumphantly announces that the little girl is her own daughter and that she is returning with her to Shanghai.

"The only explanation, of course, is

that Patsy Li was picked up by the Japanese and carried by one of their camp women to the Solomons, where she was found by the natives and turned over to the marines and Father Gehring."

Hailey concludes his story by writing, "Who can say that the age of wonders is past? Certainly there never was a story with a happier ending, nor one that gave me more pleasure to write."



## Guardians of Yakima

AT THE mouth of Union Gap pass stands a monument of stone, a tribute to brave men who once fought there. Near by is an old chapel. When the Indians of Yakima valley were moved through the gap to the Yakima reservation, St. Mary's of the Gap lost its congregation. The chapel, however, lingered on, though no one thought of entering. For 25 years its windows were boarded over.

But forsaken by man though it was, this log and clapboard chapel had unseen caretakers. They dwelt there unknown to man. Not a speck of dust was allowed to sift through the silent chancel. For 25 years no one, no thing, had been allowed the freedom of the Chapel of St. Mary of the Gap, save only the careful caretakers.

Then a new Blackrobe came to Yakima, and learned of the long-abandoned chapel from Chief Olney of the Indians, who had worshiped there as a boy. Because his own duties were many, the Blackrobe sent an aide to inspect it. Since the rusted lock would

yield to no key, a window was unboarded and a window pane neatly removed.

"In what condition is the building?" asked the priest when the investigator returned.

"Excellent!" the young explorer replied. "Here is a little present from the caretakers of St. Mary's—honey, pure and fresh! Every cranny of the old walls has been carefully sealed up by bees. Every woodpecker's hole has been stopped up with beeswax. And more, Father. I looked in the old sacristy, and found this complete set of vestments."

As the young man spoke, he held up an unstained set of purest white silk vestments made in France some 50 years ago. While the priest examined them, four other sets were produced, red for martyrs, green for hope, violet for vigils and penance, and black for the memory of beloved dead.

The bees of Yakima had saved old St. Mary's of the Gap from the ravages of time and the elements.

A. D. Spearman, S.J., in the *Calumet* (Autumn '46).

By  
FULTON J. SHEEN

# Purgatory

Thoughts for November

Condensed chapter  
of a book\*

**T**HERE IS ONE word  
which to modern

ears probably signifies the unreal, the fictional, and even the absurd in the Christian vision of life, and that is the word *purgatory*. Although the Christian world believed in it for 16 centuries, for the last 300 years it has ceased to be a belief outside the Church, and has been regarded as a mere product of the imagination, rather than as the fruit of sound reason and inspiration.

Belief in purgatory has declined in just the proportion that the modern mind forgot the two most important things in the world: the purity of God and the heinousness of sin. Once both of these vital beliefs are admitted, the doctrine of purgatory is unescapable.

Purgatory is a place where the love of God tempers the justice of God. The necessity of purgatory is grounded upon the absolute purity of God. In the Apocalypse we read of the great beauty of His city, of pure gold, with its walls of jasper and its spotless light which is not of the sun nor moon but the light of the Lamb slain from the beginning of the world. We also learn of the condition of entering into the gates of that heavenly Jerusalem, "There shall not enter into it any thing defiled, or that worketh abomination or maketh a lie, but they that are written in the book of life of the Lamb."

Justice also demands that no one un-

clean but only the pure heart shall stand before

the Face of a pure God. If there were no purgatory, then the justice of God would be too terrible for words, for who are they who would dare assert themselves spotless enough to stand before the immaculate Lamb of God? The martyrs who sprinkled the sands of the Colosseum with their blood in testimony of their faith? Most certainly! The missionaries like Paul who spend themselves and are spent for the spread of the Gospel? Most assuredly! The cloistered saints who in the quiet calm of a voluntary Calvary become martyrs without recognition? Most truly! But these are glorious exceptions.

The day we were baptized, the Church laid upon us a white garment, with the injunction, "Receive this white garment which mayest thou carry without stain before the judgment seat of our Lord Jesus Christ that thou mayest have life everlasting." Few of us during life keep that garment so unspotted and unsoiled by sin that we may enter immediately upon death into the white-robed army of the King.

Take even our national heroes, whose names we venerate and whose deeds we emulate. Would any Englishman or American who knew something of the purity of God, as much as he loves and respects the virtues of a Lord Nelson or a George Washington, really believe that either of them at

\*Preface to Religion. 1946. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 12 Barclay St., N. Y. City. 228 pp. \$2.50.

death was free enough from slight faults to enter immediately into the presence of God? Why, the very nationalism of a Nelson or a Washington, which made them both heroes in war, might in a way make them suspect of being unsuited after death for that true internationalism of heaven, where there is neither English nor American, Jew nor Greek, barbarian nor free, but all one in Christ Jesus our Lord.

All who die with some love of God possessing them have beautiful souls, but if there be no purgatory, then because of their slight imperfections they must be rejected without pity by divine justice. Take away purgatory, and God could not pardon so easily, for will an act of contrition at the edge of the tomb atone for 30 years of sinning?

Purgatory is a place not only where the love of God tempers the justice of God, but where the love of man may temper the injustice of man. I believe that most men and women are quite unconscious of the injustice and ingratitude of their lives until the cold hand of death is laid upon one that they love.

One of the reasons why the bitterest of tears are shed over graves is because of words left unsaid and deeds left undone. "The child never knew how much I loved her." "He never knew how much he meant to me." "I never knew how dear he was until he was gone." It does little good to water last year's crop, to set a snare for the bird that has flown, or to gather the rose that has withered and died.

Purgatory enables hearts who are left behind to break the barriers of time and death, to convert unspoken words into prayers, unburned incense into sacrifice, unoffered flowers into alms, and undone acts of kindness into help for eternal life.

Purgatory enables us to atone for our ingratitude, because through our prayers, mortifications, and sacrifices, we can bring joy and consolation to the ones we love. Love is stronger than death and hence there should be love for those who have gone before us. The Church assures us that, not being able to give more to them in this world, since they are not of it, we can still seek them out in the hands of divine justice and give them the assurance of our love, and the purchasing price of their redemption. Just as the man who dies in debt has the maledictions of his creditors following him to the grave, but may have his good name restored and revered by the labor of his son who pays the last penny, the soul of a friend who has gone to death owing a debt of penance to God may have it remitted by us who are left behind.

Surely God will not forbid such communication of the living with the dead, since the act of redemption has guaranteed such a transferring of merits through Christ. That great mass of unarmed warriors of the Church Suffering cry out to our responsive hearts the plaintive and tender plea, "Have mercy on me, have mercy on me, at least you, my friends, for the hand of the Lord has touched me."

# "COME, LIVE WITH ME"

By GERALD VANN, O.P.

Condensed from *Orate Fratres*\*



**T**HE SPECTATOR gets the best view of the game. A cynical one might say that there are nowadays two views of married life. One shows it as a sort of perpetual Palm Beach honeymoon, in the decorous company of someone bearing a startling resemblance to Miss D. Lamour or Miss L. Turner. The other shows it very largely as a succession of pots and pans and other heavy objects hurtling through midair until one or both of the parties concerned become unconscious. The really cynical spectator would add that the first view tends to be held by those who are as yet unmarried; the latter by those who have been married for some time. The theologian for his part would say that if you embark on married life expecting the first, you stand a good chance of getting the second. Why? Because you are not facing the facts of human nature.

What are the facts? Long ago Aristotle defined man as a social animal. Men and women are not self-sufficient; they need society if they are to live a full and rich life economically, politically, culturally; but much deeper than that, they normally need another human being with whom to share and to build their life.

Young persons sometimes think that marriages are made in heaven in the sense that all they have to do is meet someone peculiarly restful to the eye, marry him or her, and that then they will automatically live happily ever after. They live and learn. An old English poet sang, "Come, live with me and be my love"; and it is indeed a question of learning, slowly, gradually, to live together, to build up a life together; and only in so far as that is done, through thick and thin, will the second half of the line come true and the two concerned become fully each other's love.

Love means becoming something new, a change of the whole of one's being; and that change takes a long time. We talk of love-making, and we are very right, but we need to remember that there is making to be done on every level of our lives. It is really a making, not just the enjoyment of something given, but the gradual and sometimes painful making of what is not there to begin with.

One of the facts of which religion reminds us, and which otherwise might be forgotten with disastrous effects, is that the human being is not a body and a spirit but one single thing which

\**St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn. September, 1946.*



is body-spirit, so that physical events affect the mind and mental events affect the body. Therefore physical love-making must be either a means to oneness of mind or heart or else exactly the opposite, a destroying of oneness of mind and heart. Similarly a perfect unity of spirit brings the deepest joy to physical union. That is why, even on the physical level, the making of oneness is a long process. Sex in man is not the same as sex in animals. It is not just a little different; it is essentially different. For when a man makes love, he makes love not to a body but to a human being, a body-spirit; and if it is real love he is making, he will regard this other human being as much more important than anything or anyone else in the world, including himself. He will approach his life with her with a great humility and reverence, and a great fear of hurting what he loves but does not as yet adequately know. No two persons are exactly alike in their need of expressing their love; they change, moreover, from moment to moment; and all this has to be learned if love-making is not to be turned into a selfish grasping at a selfish, isolated pleasure. And it cannot be learned in a day or a year.

There must then be a unity of minds; and it is again a hard fact of human nature that as we come to know persons more deeply we realize more and more how little we really know them. Moreover, the minds of man and woman work differently: his, more rationally, hers, more intuitively. They have to learn to understand those differ-

ences. Young persons who marry in a haze of romance and glamor sometimes think, when they have their first quarrel, that all is over. On the contrary, it should be just beginning. Unity has to be achieved, and it cannot be achieved except through toil, and, perhaps, through tears. It is not a question of eliminating every difference of taste and inclination and superficial wants, but of uniting the deep personal will, without which there can be no true sharing of life, no real making together of the home. This, above all, is what you mean when you say, "Come, live with me and be my love."

That is why theology quarrels with certain modern (and ancient) theories about love and marriage. They do not face the facts in their fullness; they will not accept the nature of things and try to act accordingly. Marriage is, of its nature and not through any man-made laws or superstitions, a lifework. If you accept the facts about sex in their fullness you find that it is part of a total human situation. Some persons take what they call a purely scientific view of it, a chemical view of it. That is not facing the facts. Then there are those who say, "I don't know much about morality but I know what I like," and prefer to gather rosebuds while they may. They are using love-making for a purpose which will not produce love, for you cannot find human love by plucking in quick succession at a variety of rosebuds.

No, "Come, live with me," the poet sings. The sharing of a life includes the moments of glamor and glory, but it



does not mean mainly that. It consists primarily in scrubbing the house and bathing the baby. The drudgery, the toil, and no doubt the tears, you will certainly have; but if you accept them precisely as part of your making of love, if you say, "I want to do this hard work or bear this trouble because it's for him," or for her, then you will be turning the drudgery into a labor of love and therefore into something much less like drudgery. But also you will be turning it into yet another form of love-making. You will be making it the means to a deeper understanding and love, the stuff out of which your oneness is created. You get to know and love men, as you get to know and love God, by doing the ordinary humdrum jobs of life with them and for them.

Now among all those humdrum jobs there is one which takes precedence over all the rest, the making of the family. Love means not only the hunger to be one with another human being, but also the hunger to be fulfilled by making something else in union with that other human being, and primarily by making a home and a family. Here again the Church recalls us to reality. There are persons who wish to rest in the first thing, their own love for each other, and they regard children as a nuisance; but they are going against a very deep instinct, and they have no right to be surprised or indignant when their own unity of heart and therefore their own happiness begin to disintegrate. To turn love upon itself, and rob it of its natural fulfill-

ment, is to rob it of its chief creativeness and therefore to take the heart, the life, out of it.

The hardest thing in the world for man, since his fall, is to stop being self-centered. When the young man's roving eye alights for the first time on his particular vision, the one human being who is like no other, a startling revolution takes place within him. He finds that the center of his life is no longer his own ego but this intruder from without. That is the definition of love: the making of the center of life not the self but the other person. And as long as the first glamorous thrill continues, his new condition presents itself to him not as a problem or a purgatory but as a glory. But that period is given precisely that in it he may learn gradually but easily how to deepen this new life, which is so at variance with his self-regarding instincts, so that his love may become deep and true and unshakable. The work remains to be done; his self-dedication must be an affair not merely of the superficial emotions but of his deepest will. Once again it is a work that takes a lifetime to achieve. Thus, it is partly because of this hardness, because of the demands which love puts upon human nature, and the terrible ease with which this greatest of natural adventures can end in failure, that marriage is made a sacrament for us, a means whereby we can call on the power and energizing life of God Himself.

I say power and life rather than use the theological term *grace*. When John first falls in love with Susan he finds

that his other interests are not deadened but are given new life: the grass is greener; the sky a more enthralling blue; music has more to say to him; his work takes on a new interest. It is the same with the soul's discovery of God, which is the supreme purpose of the Christian theology of marriage; for marriage is the Christian's normal way of coming to know and love and serve God, and thus of being happy, with all the happiness of God. For this adventure above all you need the mighty power given in the sacrament.

You may remember how Dante

meets Beatrice again at the threshold of paradise and how at last he is able to look again into her eyes; but when he does so he realizes that it is on Christ that she is gazing, and it is the figure of Christ that he sees reflected in her eyes as the sun is reflected in a glass, for it is to Christ that she is to lead him.

"Come, live with me," the poet sings; but it is for the Christian to sing, "Come, live with me in the heart of God. There we shall find, there we shall know, what love really is, what the fullness, the glory, the thrill of life can really be."

*Children of Xavier*

## Twilight Christians

By PATRICK O'CONNOR, S.S.C.

Condensed from N.C.W.C.\*

**T**HOUSANDS of "twilight Christians" are living a shadowy, secretive life in southwest Japan. Their story reaches back to the 17th-century persecutions. I have just come back from the Goto Islands, where the majority of the little-known Christian survivors dwell. The Gotos are a string of five main islands, varying from five to 15 miles in length, with a score of smaller islands, about 60 miles distant from Nagasaki.

When persecution was raging in Japan 300 years ago, Catholics fled to those islands, where, as in the Nagasaki

region, a Christian "underground" was created. It was the second half of the 19th century before priests were allowed into Japan again. When that time came, at least half of the long-hidden Christians emerged to be claimed by the Church; but thousands failed to come forward.

Today colonies of such unrecovered Japanese Christians are found among the fishing and farming folk of the Gotos. Sometimes they are in the same villages with Catholics. Sometimes you see entire villages of "Hanares," or Separated.

\* 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, 5, D. C. August 26, 1946.

The Catholics of the Gotos number 20,000, in 13 island parishes, for which only 11 priests are now available. Alongside this vigorous Catholic population, some 30,000 or 40,000 Hanares are groping in the dimness of their half-forgotten, half-distorted traditions. Religious freedom, contact with the Holy Father, Mass and the sacraments, all the blessings that their ancestors yearned for in the dark hour of persecution have been restored. But those Christians of the twilight do not recognize them.

They are a very reserved, suspicious people, whose forefathers learned habits of secrecy the hard way. But four of their local leaders talked fairly freely in my presence because Father Yamaguchi, in whose house I was staying, and Father Yano, O.M.C., who acted as interpreter, had won their confidence.

One of them was a *sazukcyaku*, a baptizer, in the sect. At my request he repeated their formula of baptism, and their versions of the Our Father, and Hail Mary. Their form of baptism is apparently a corruption of the Latin, as pronounced by Spanish or Portuguese missionaries hundreds of years ago. Now so far from the original that it can hardly be valid, it sounds like this: "*Yoco te pancio in nomine pacis or-fili et espilitu san-yuan-ito.*"

Father Yano thought that he could detect some old Japanese words in their Our Father. All I could recognize in their Hail Mary was "*Ave Maria . . . Jesu . . . Santa Maria . . . mortis, Amen.*" Father Yano could not identify any of

the intermediate words as Japanese. The speakers did not seem to know what the words signify.

On the anniversary of a death, the Hanares told us, they recite the *Salve Regina* for a woman and a prayer they call the *Quaerendo* or *Carendo* for a man. This prayer is related to the scenes in the Way of the Cross pictures in our churches, they said. On Sundays they abstain from any sordid or unbecoming work. They observe Christmas, but apparently a day ahead of us. They celebrate Easter, but often have to ask the local Catholics when it will occur. After every baptism they have a feast, in greatest secrecy. Marriage does not seem to be a ceremony among them.

Three officials hold positions in their communities. The headman is called a *choyaku*. The baptizer is next in rank. The third is called the "minister" or server. It is his duty to bring the water for baptism. It must be the first water taken from the well or spring that day. The baptizer wears a special white garment; after the baptism a white cloth marked with a cross is placed on the head of the person baptized.

Some of the religious terms used by the Hanares are echoes of Latin words mixed with Japanese endings. They speak of *Deus-sama* (God) and *Maria-sama* (the blessed Mother). They speak also of *paradiso* and seemed to recognize the word *purgatorio*. With some vague tradition about the Holy See, they speak of *Roma-Papa*, but whether they regard Rome and the Pope as existing on earth or in some spirit world is not clear.

Twenty years ago, the Catholic priests of Nagasaki identified 11 prayers used by Hanares. These included the Creed, in Latin. When I pressed our four visitors for further information, they told me frankly that only the old people remembered all the prayers and traditions. Many of the young are slipping into paganism and indifferentism. With thousands of the Hanares the remnants of Christian tradition have become encrusted with paganism.

"We will come into the Church but it will be slow," one of the men told us. "Most of us are ashamed to change now from the religion of our forefathers."

Father Yano and I tried to explain that reunion with the Church would mean only the fulfillment, not rejection, of the cherished beliefs of their ancestors. But the headmen are reluctant to make way for ecclesiastical authority. And naturally it hurts the pride of individual Hanares to admit that they have been wrong and their

Catholic neighbors right for the last 80 years.

They dislike the name Hanares, or Separated, by which the Catholics know them. They say that the Catholics are innovators, while they call their own sect Motocho or the primitive religion. They look for the day when, according to the prophecies of their forefathers, priests will come in black ships from overseas to re-establish their religion. In vain the Catholics point out that the day came when the first French priests arrived in Nagasaki 80 years ago. The Hanares still await a special mission from Roma-Papa. What they would recognize is hard to say.

They have had little chance to learn what has been happening in the outside world. The thread of history snapped for them about 1640. "When Father opens a school for our children, it will be easier for us to enter the Church," said one of the men. Father Yamaguchi has already won back more than 100 Hanares.

### Then What Did He Say?

In some cities no bus nor car fare is required of members of Religious Orders. One Sister, attending Marquette summer school and not knowing Milwaukee customs, boarded a bus, smiled at the driver, and took a seat.

The driver, noting that she had passed him by, turned and asked, "You haven't forgotten me, have you?"

The Sister looked at him thoughtfully. "Well, you do look familiar," she replied.

Milwaukee Journal (28 July '46).

# Read Your Palm, Lady?

By  
JEAN LIBMAN BLOCK

Condensed from  
*Good Housekeeping*\*

SEVERAL months ago I paid my first visit to a palmist. I was taken along for moral support by a friend. The question my friend wanted answered involved the intentions of a young naval officer, who had frequently appeared bearing candy and flowers but offered no verbal indications of undying devotion.

My friend never got a chance to tell her story, for Sultana took a quick look at her hand and said, "Your beau in the Navy will propose in a matter of days." We were thunderstruck. That was a Wednesday.

The following Sunday morning my friend telephoned, a trifle hysterically, to announce that the evening before, her young man had asked her to set a date for their wedding.

Whether by coincidence or second sight, Sultana had done a neat job; so neat that I decided to look into the palm-reading game, to find out for myself how often the hand-holding swamis: 1. hit the nail on the head; 2. are dead wrong; 3. indulge in meaningless double talk.

If any of the occult sciences has a claim to legitimacy, I reasoned, surely it would be palmistry. Unlike tea-leaf reading, astrology, crystal-ball gazing,

and spirit summoning, palmistry at least bears a tangible connection with the individual. The human hand is unquestionably revealing, possibly even more revealing than the face. The state of a man's health, sensitivity of his nature, his trade or profession may be reflected in his hand. The gnarled hand of a farmer tells a very different story from the manicured hand of a debutante.

But whether the lines and folds really can disclose the hidden secrets of life, love, and destiny, past, present, and future, is another question. To get at least a partial answer, I visited eight palmists, ranging from a haughty seeress reputedly consulted by internationally famous statesmen and financiers to a dirty gypsy in a lean-to near the Coney Island boardwalk. From them I extracted a fairly staggering collection of befuddled contradictions, pointless platitudes, and unprovable forecasts, all interlaced with a good many shrewd observations and a few uncannily accurate revelations.

The bulk of what the swamis dredged up from my palm could with equal certainty be found in the palms of any dozen other women I know. I was told with dead-pan earnestness,

\* 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, 19. July, 1946.



that I had a big romance at 19 (what girl didn't?); that men find me enigmatic (what woman doesn't think so?); and, as a timely switch on an old line, that I am beset by a housing problem (who isn't?).

The contradictions alone were worth the price of admission, a \$1 bill slipped, according to custom, to each reader. One palmist observed that extravagance will be my downfall; another, that stinginess is my worst fault. One cautioned me against overdoing the clinging-vine routine; another, that I would be more successful with men if I were less independent.

A male palmist with a Syrian accent told me I will marry a man with bushels of money; a woman colleague said I'll never have a cent I don't earn with my own hands. A night-club reader assured me I need never worry about chest colds, for my lungs are practically indestructible; shortly thereafter I was warned that my chest is the weak link in my life line. As to husbands, I will have one, two or three of that precious commodity, depending entirely on which oracle I prefer to believe.

Despite the wealth of contradictions, I found a few areas of agreement. Six of the eight palmists announced without hesitation that I am a writer—a fact which I don't see how they could guess unless I carry with me an unmistakably pungent scent of typewriter ribbon No. 5.

Another item on which they agreed, an item I am in no position to verify at this time, is the number of my children. Eight out of eight prophesied that I

will have three. This score, is, of course, a mechanical interpretation of a trio of lines in the skin folds where the little finger joins the palm of my right hand. Still, the unanimity of this interpretation is a little startling in view of the total lack of unanimity in all other matters. Half the seers predicted that the line-up will be two boys and a girl, a prediction in which they are at least  $33\frac{1}{3}\%$  right, for my first and so far only child is a girl. Three refused to speculate, and one foresaw three boys.

Before the consultations, I removed my wedding band to make things a little tougher. Four of the eight either found it written in my hand or took a chance and guessed that I am married. One asked me outright whether I was married. One told me I was divorced (untrue) but would wed again soon. And the two others carefully skirted the question.

Of the four who supposedly read my marriage in my palm, two told me correctly that I was married at the age of 22. Stating the case so simply, however, rather overloads the scales in favor of the palmists. Actually, the dialogue both times went like this. "I see a marriage mark in your hand at 22. Did that marriage go through?" The answer was Yes. But had it been No, the alibi was ready-made. "Well, you came very close to marriage at 22," or perhaps more somberly, "You missed your chance when you failed to marry at that age."

My greatest disappointment was the complete absence of that trade-mark of palmistry, the inescapable tall, dark



man in my life. But as partial compensation, one reader did confide that my marriage will be menaced in 1954 by a wealthy older man, a bit of intelligence that fascinates my husband.

The most impressive hand reading was given by Sultana, the palmist who launched me on my researches. Her gaze is hypnotic, and several times I found myself nodding in agreement with pronouncements that were not true. If I attempted to dispute a point, instead of backing down she reiterated it with added emphasis. Sultana told me right off that I am married, that I have a young daughter who is blond and blue-eyed, that my husband is still in service overseas, that I live with my parents, that I am a writer, and that I would rather pound a typewriter than sweep a floor.

Among those bull's-eye pronouncements, however, were many vague generalizations and fishings for clues. Sultana was not too sophisticated to scorn the clichés of her trade: long life, long journey, lots of money, earned chiefly by my own efforts.

Palmist No. 2 on my itinerary was a male done up in a brocade robe, fez, and an almost impenetrable accent. Although most palmists take a quick look at your left hand to determine your potentialities and then concentrate on your right to trace the unfolding of those potentialities, Ali was interested only in my left hand.

"It's the Mongolian system," he explained. "I use the left hand in women because it is closer to the heart, and the right hand in men."

Ali specializes in a baffling kind of Omar Khayyám double talk. "You will be rich in fruits, flocks, and herds," he assured me, and then went into a fast, incomprehensible monologue about letting my logic command my will if I want love to triumph, for if I let my will out of hand, logic will be trampled, etc. At this point Ali leaned over and whispered so that my companion (female) would not hear, "Too bad your first marriage ended in divorce, but your second one will be much happier."

Along with little caressing squeezes of my hand, a bit of technique that must make a hit with dowager clients, Ali translated the following secrets from my palm: a sudden journey to a distant land, better times soon, domineering nature, an overdeveloped sense of economy, money through marriage, two sons and a daughter, with the daughter very talented and famous, and a long life.

Next in line was Mona, a sweet-faced woman with a worried, abstracted manner, who looked rather as if she expected the restaurant where she was working to be raided any minute. At one time not so long ago, a police campaign directed against night-club palmists did force many of them into temporary retirement. New York law forbids fortunetelling. But palmists circumvent this statute by billing themselves as entertainers.

To add further complications to my ringless fourth finger, I visited Mona accompanied by my brother. Mona walked right into the trap. Not a word

did she utter about a husband, present, past, or future, but chattered at considerable length about my loving disposition, loyalty, and culinary skill, all for the benefit of my grinning escort.

These, very briefly, were Mona's chief findings: 1945 was a terrible year (it was pretty bad); things began getting better in February, 1946 (not perceptibly); it is important that you take advantage of your ability with words; try radio writing; you will have three children, two boys and a girl; you will live in New York all your life; your pathway is No. 1 (whatever that means). To fill out the box score, I asked Mona whether someone who was away was coming back soon. "Yes, quite soon," she replied, "but then the person (Mona was not climbing out on any limb on sex) is going away again."

Madame Olga, the next, made it perfectly clear that she had memorized a book on palmistry. Her most original contribution was the information that I will not die by drowning, a piece of news with which I am sure she comforts all her clients. Next, she announced the usual long life, long journey, and three children. When I asked the sex of the children, she became quite indignant, and retorted, "I'm no fortuneteller, I'm a palmist." That put me in my place so thoroughly that I offered no opposition when she suggested that I make a career of nursing because of my compassionate nature.

Miss Gloria offered a sharp contrast. An attractive young brunette operating in one of the tonier night clubs, Miss Gloria went to work with a bright light

focused on my palms, a magnifying glass, and a sharp pencil for marking off years on the life and heart lines. It was she who came up with the romance at 19, the marriage at 22, and the mysterious older man in 1954. I got a not-too-cheerful analysis of my creative, nervous, melancholy nature (see placid, compassionate temperament above), the melancholy heightened by a severe housing problem. The last was a good try, but not quite good enough, for I am one of the residents of Greater New York who is not faced with an immediate housing crisis.

My next port of call was a supper club frequented by statesmen and bankers in quest of both good food and sound advice from Miss Jessica, a sharp-faced, handsomely dressed woman with a gilt-edged reputation for pulling the veil off the future. Her opening observations were singularly platitudinous, "Don't confide in women. Don't put those you love on a pedestal. Live for today."

Sniffing that typewriter ribbon the very minute she touched my hand, Miss Jessica suggested I try writing a column explaining the human mind, in the manner of Elsie Robinson. The inevitable long journey was promised within 11 months, to a place designated as either G. or C. When I suggested helpfully California or Germany, both within the remote realm of possibility, she was delighted with her own perspicacity.

Miss Jessica's probing eye hit on a new source for my future wealth, real-estate speculation when I am 31. She

repeated faithfully the same marriage-at-22 routine I already had heard. And she told me correctly all about my nervous indigestion, which Sultana mistakenly had ascribed to my husband, but made a false step by declaring that my three children will be boys. When I pointed out the error, she sought to retrieve herself by making the girl a "dominant masculine type" (untrue).

Miss Jessica concluded by urging me to overcome my timidity (Ali had said I was too aggressive) and by offering this thoroughly tantalizing glimpse into the future, "When you are 45, you will be a ravishing creature. Every head will turn when you enter a room."

Still dizzy at the prospect of such middle-aged glamor, I listened to a blonde seeress in an Italian restaurant present me next with these variations on the old theme: a gloomy hint that I may not be wealthy after all, a description of a childhood disease I did not suffer, and a prediction of two divorces and three marriages.

My final visit was an anticlimactic encounter with a Coney Island gypsy, who peered earnestly at my palm and shook her kerchiefed head sadly. "You have had bad years, very bad, but things are getting better now. I see a long life. You will live in a far land. You have steady nerves and a kind heart. You will be rich in money if you curb extravagance, and in children."

The conclusions shape up about like this. Most of the stuff revealed is pure eyewash, a brand that even the august Encyclopaedia Britannica, which sternly disapproves of palmistry, admits

"seems to have a peculiar attraction for certain types of minds."

Still, some palmists are obviously much cleverer than others. The good ones have a disconcerting knack of hitting on the truth more often than the law of averages would decently allow, but all they prove is that they are shrewd, highly trained, quick-on-the-trigger observers, analysts, and operators. A first-rate palmist, by combining intuition, observation, and experience, can make every crease in your clothes, every inflection in your voice, every flicker of your eyes yield its quota of clues. Add to such real talent for the trade a sense of showmanship and a degree of luck, plus a compelling will on the part of most customers to believe the true and forget the false, and it is small wonder that the exploits of a skilled palmist are mystifying.

To return to the original question, how did Sultana know my friend's Navy beau was about to propose? Unfortunately, I can't give you the exact answer to that one, any more than I can explain how magician Galli-Galli snatches the shirt off a man's back without disturbing his jacket. While I don't think it was done with mirrors, I'm equally sure that Sultana's accurate prediction was not spelled out in the crisscross of lines on my friend's palm.

If the human hand could possibly yield such a detailed calendar of the following week's events, how come not one of the hand scanners found it written in my palm that I was about to rush home and type up an indictment of the palmists' profession?

## A Pole Speaks His Mind

By ALEXANDER JANTA

Condensed from *The Sign*\*

I AM A POLE. I was an officer in the Polish armored division which closed the gap at Falaise and took part in the liberation of Belgium and Holland. I am one of those Poles who fought shoulder to shoulder with their western allies. I spent two and a half years in a German prison camp. I risked my life in a successful escape, that I might risk it again for our common victory.

That noble cause in which we were joined was made explicit in the Atlantic Charter and other great Allied declarations of future freedoms. We Poles naturally translated those flaming principles and promises into specific hopes. We accepted them literally, perhaps naïvely, as specific pledges of Polish independence, the integrity of our blood-soaked soil, a chance to build a free, democratic life patterned on our own dreams and capacities.

Those pledges have been broken, those hopes violated. A regime imposed from outside is enthroned in Warsaw. Nearly half my country's territory and a large part of its population have been cut off without consulting the Polish people. The dream of democracy has turned into a mockery. An alien way of life has been riveted on the truncated body of Poland. The

tragedy has come to pass with the outright connivance of Britain and the U.S.

You can, I am sure, understand the indignation of a Pole as he surveys the wreckage of the cause in which we fought and bled side by side. But you assume, smugly, that our anger is directed entirely, or even mainly, against Soviet Russia. In this you are deeply mistaken.

After all, we could not and did not expect respect for our soil and national aspirations from the Soviet government. We shared none of your illusions about that dictatorship. We had lived too close to its works to be taken in by its words. Moreover, we knew that the people of Russia, however they might feel, were helpless to curb or even influence their rulers.

No, our indignation is directed against the western democracies on whose plighted word, leadership, and passionate reassurances we staked our national soul. It is the indignation shot through with bewilderment, the kind one feels for his friends, not for enemies. We have been hurt, degraded, oppressed by the Russians. But we believe that we have been betrayed by the British and Americans, sold down the river of power politics.

\* Monastery Place, Union City, N. J. September, 1946.

Nor can we absolve you, the individual citizen, from a share in the fearful blame. Unlike the Russians, you have the responsibility born of democratic advantages. Your silence on the enslavement of Poland, on the betrayal, therefore, of our common cause, is not enforced with bayonets and firing squads. You have a right to review the record, protest, insist on amends.

The Poles were first to enter the 2nd World War. When Great Britain and France declared war Sept. 3, 1939, my country was already bomb-battered. For three days it had stood steadfastly alone against an enemy whose fire power was 72 times greater than ours. With news of the Anglo-French declaration, a wave of unbounded enthusiasm swept through the land.

"We are no longer alone!" people repeated. Little did they suspect the unpreparedness of the two nations, one of which claimed complete mastery of the seas while the other boasted the greatest army in the world. The Polish people took it for granted that military help would soon arrive.

France was bound to Poland by an alliance supposed to work automatically in the event of aggression. Great Britain had guaranteed the Polish borders two days after the pact between Hitler and Stalin shattered the last doubts as to the ultimate intentions of our powerful neighbors. We were reduced to the condition of a buffer nation, which, according to one famous definition, is "a small state set up by bigger states as an artillery range."

It was without doubt precisely that

British guarantee that stiffened the Polish will to resist. In the minds of the Poles, always ready to defend a good cause, it sealed the decision to accept unconditional conflict, to reject contemptuously the proffered conditional surrender.

The Allies did nothing, presumably could do nothing, in September to relieve even for a moment the terrific pressure applied by Hitler to Poland. The Soviet Union, bound to Poland by a nonaggression pact that still had six years to run, made quick use of its partnership with the nazi invader. The Russian armed intervention Sept. 17 cut short Polish possibilities of resistance, enabling Hitler to turn that much sooner against the West. Nevertheless, Poland's lonely sacrifice gave nine invaluable months to France, well over a year to Great Britain.

Both the Battle of France and the Battle of Britain found a Polish government supported by Polish armed forces defending French soil and British skies as if they were their own. Poles were prominent among "the few to whom so many owed so much." This truth was acknowledged by all Allied leaders, gratefully, without quibbling.

The Polish people, now thoroughly aware of the length and bitterness of the struggle, both at home and abroad, did not once fail in all-out loyalty to the choice they had made. We were with the western powers, for better or worse, for "life and death." Those were Churchill's words, addressed to General Sikorski when he came over



with his government and his army, which included 2,000 trained fliers. Poland was the only active ally Britain had at that moment against the whole massed might of Germany and Italy.

The Germans meanwhile sought to convince the Poles that they were fighting in vain and only in the interest of a foreign power. They covered occupied Warsaw with posters picturing a wounded, haggard Polish soldier against the ruins of his home town, with the inscription: "England! This is your work!" The death sentence was announced for anyone damaging such posters. But the people of Warsaw tore them off, almost under the noses of the invaders. A teen-age girl was caught in the act, and shot. The first casualty in the Polish underground thus died defending Great Britain's honor.

It was on the foundation of trust in Britain that an effective Polish Home Army was organized; that no quislings appeared; that our resistance grew and deepened. The Poles, true to their generous nature, staked all on one card, confident of winning.

From London the Home Army was organized against the background of a Polish underground state, intimately linked with its exiled government. Polish intelligence service, one of the least known but most sensationally efficient organizations of the war, made precious contributions to the allied cause; that is not my opinion but General Marshall's, as expressed to General Sikorski.

For two years military and political

initiative was in the enemy's hands. By choosing to attack Russia, Hitler drove that country from benevolent neutrality into the camp of the Allies, of whom Poland was first and the most cruelly punished. It was at this juncture that tens of thousands of Polish underground and overground fighters heard the most thrilling announcement of the war.

I refer, of course, to the Atlantic Charter, bearing the signatures of two great men whom the Poles were prepared to follow blindly, Roosevelt and Churchill. It came to us as an unequivocal confirmation of the principles for which we had at that time shed more blood than all the Allied nations combined. On Sept. 24, 1941, full adherence to the Atlantic Charter was pledged in London by the government of Poland, and by Ivan M. Maisky for the Soviet Union. The slogan advanced by General Sikorski, "Let bygones be bygones," which had already taken substance in an agreement with Russia, seemed justified.

At the second meeting of the inter-allied conference, Maisky declared, "The Soviet Union, which defends the right to establish its own social order and its own government, has consistently and with full force denounced all violations of the sovereign rights of peoples, all aggressions and aggressors, any and all attempts of aggressive nations to impose their will on other peoples and to involve them in war."

The deeds that followed, like the deed which had preceded, were in stark contradiction to those words. It



became obvious that Russia was determined to turn Poland, for 1,000 years the easternmost bulwark of western civilization, toward Moscow, even if the Polish backbone had to be broken in the process. The more apparent this intention became, the more fervently Polish hopes were turned to the West. I know, because we talked of these things in our barracks, in the foul nazi prison camps, on battlefields. "With leaders like Roosevelt and Churchill we cannot be let down," we assured one another.

When Churchill, in the spring of 1944, to appease Stalin, proclaimed the so-called Curzon line a just frontier between Poland and Russia, veteran Polish airmen, the surviving participants of the Battle of Britain, decided as a body to protest by handing back the decorations won in defending London. They were dissuaded with great difficulty.

The Poles took a new grip on their illusions. They simply could not accept the thought that they who had taken the first blows of the war might be discarded and treated like a conquered enemy nation. Once the war was over, we told ourselves, our sacrifices would be remembered; the Atlantic Charter and the lofty promises of the war would not be forgotten. We shouted down our doubts.

Churchill himself undertook to knock the props from under the illusions. The Polish problem was developing into a test case of the genuineness of democratic professions and idealistic pledges. It had to be removed

to make way for power deals. Mr. Churchill took the scabrous job on himself.

This was in the summer of 1944, in Moscow. After preliminary conferences with Stalin, he summoned Mikolajczyk, then Polish Prime Minister in London. "This must be settled here and now!" Churchill exclaimed, demanding that the Polish leader agree to the Polish partition and the other humiliating terms which were subsequently nailed down in Yalta without consulting the Poles. Mikolajczyk, of course, refused.

According to eyewitnesses, whose accounts are supported by the transcript which I have read, the scene was a duplicate of the one in which Hitler had hurled his ultimatum at Schuschnigg, prior to the occupation of Austria. The Polish premier answered the shouted threats and insults of the British premier calmly, and sadly. He explained that he had no power to barter the rights of his country. "I am not going to sign a death verdict on myself," he said. "I can only protest," were his last words.

The attempt to strangle Poland with Polish hands thus failed. The strangulation was carried through subsequently at Yalta.

Thus, despite its consistent faith and incalculable sacrifices, Poland was paid off by being consigned to a totalitarian orbit; the centuries in which it had struggled to defend western civilization, to make itself part of that civilization, were canceled out. Poland's territory was slashed, its sovereignty

insulted, its self-respect trodden under-foot.

Now, perhaps, you begin to understand why Poles can be far more bitter, more heartsick, about Britain and America than about Russia.

The crime of Yalta was followed by a series of shocking compromises with principle that put out every last flicker of Polish trust in the Western Allies. Sixteen heroic leaders of the Polish Underground were kidnaped by Russia with unwitting Anglo-American help. For a brief moment the democratic conscience seemed touched; there was a flare-up of the old light. Then another compromise was worked out, this time by Harry Hopkins, and darkness prevailed; the 16, and through them the whole of the Underground, the whole of the Polish people, were abandoned to the untender mercies of the Kremlin.

Yalta's promised "broadening" of the Moscow-made Committee of Polish Patriots, later converted into the interim Lublin government, turned into low farce. The hand-tooled committee, regarded by the majority of Polish people as agents of a foreign power, was installed as the ruling regime. The aims of Moscow were clear. Here, as in the Baltic nations previously, a controlled government would

serve as prelude to Poland's ultimate absorption into the Soviet Union. Neither Stalin's methods nor purposes surprised us who have lived so close to his dictatorship.

What did surprise and shock us was the ease and speed with which our Western Allies, who had solemnly pledged to defend human freedom even in former enemy countries, recognized Russia's instrument of expansion in Poland. Here was expediency reduced to its lowest, most cynical level.

Let me say it bluntly, for there is no polite way of saying it. The western democracies cannot shift the blame to Russia. The great words with which we were fooled were British and American words. I doubt that many Poles will ever again be caught quite so easily. I for one shall not be surprised if in any future conflict between West and East, the bulk of the Polish nation sides with Russia and serves as a spearhead of the Russian advance, a fanatic and passionate instrument of history's vengeance for a cold, calculating sellout.

I shan't like it, because I am of the West, body and soul. But I shall understand it, especially if Russia should prove more reasonable, less brutal, more understanding and generous, not to say intelligent, than expected.



Father Andrew Cervini, Jesuit missionary who lost his left foot while a prisoner in a Japanese camp, had just finished a book of his experiences. The publishers weighed several titles. Then Jim Harkins came up with *One Foot in Heaven*.

From the column *Broadway and Elsewhere* by Jack Lait in the *Sunday Mirror* (21 July '46).

# The MIGHTY Kilrain

Condensed from the *Eagle Magazine*\*

By DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

HE WAS BORN Joseph Kilrain, in Brooklyn, and we may assume that he changed his name to Jake Kilrain to spare his family disgrace. Today the home town of a champ noisily advertises itself as such. Back in the 80's and 90's, to be a pugilist was to be a criminal.

Many were actually that to start with. Bill Poole was a professional thug, and Yankee Sullivan was an escaped convict from Australia who practiced his trade as a pickpocket between fights. John Morrissey and Jim Heenan ran gambling houses. Jimmy Elliot spent years in jail for robbery and assault. Joe Coburn died there, the charge being murder.

The good old days, eh? Don't let anybody tell you that about prize fights! Almost without exception they were dirty affairs. Not only the principals, but the seconds, handlers, matchmakers, and spectators thought nothing of joining the fray, with brass knuckles and blackjacks, if possible.

Except for being a fighter, however, Jake Kilrain was not a criminal. Never truly a champion, he was no second-rater. There were two reasons why he



does not loom as large as he should in the history of face smashing. Though he could hit hard, was a crack wrestler, and as game a man as ever stepped between the ropes, he lacked showmanship and was overshadowed by a champion, John L. Sullivan.

Sullivan and Richard Kyle Fox were the men who had the greatest influence in Kilrain's life.

The *Police Gazette* was then a powerful publication, especially in sports and the theater, which the newspapers did not regard as respectable. Through its contests and trophies, the *Gazette* actually ran organized sport in this country, and Richard Kyle Fox ran the *Gazette*. Fox's main interest was fighting—not boxing. He had no use for all this modern, padded, Marquis-of-Queensberry stuff, with measured rounds.

Until the dapper and arrogant Fox got busy, fighting was only a back-alley pastime and the heavyweight championship didn't exist. In 1880, the *Gazette* promoted a fight in which Paddy Ryan, a bartender from Troy, N. Y., became champion. Ryan's op-

\* 212 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, 3, Wis. September, 1946.

ponent was Joe Goss, a clever but aging Englishman. Goss did all the forcing and most of the punching and throwing, but the younger Ryan kept coming up to the scratch, and after a while the tired Goss couldn't. Ryan strutted, but only until he met John L. Sullivan. "It felt as if a telegraph pole was shoved against me endwise," he admitted later.

Fox didn't like John L., and began looking for somebody to beat him. But Sullivan was so good that even when he was traipsing around the country, offering \$1,000 to anybody who could stay four rounds with him, it was hard to find takers. "I don't need to train for them guys," he used to say. "All the training I need is a shave and a shampoo. They fall down when I just look at them."

After John L. had pulverized a series of foreign challengers imported by Fox, the publisher's attention centered on Jake Kilrain, whom his scouts found in Baltimore. Fox took him under his wing, and that modest, good-natured lad beat everyone he met. At last he sat down with Fox and the champ to talk about a match.

We don't know the details of that conference, but Fox and John L. quarreled, and John L. stamped off. As prize-fight czar, Fox thereupon decreed that Sullivan had forfeited the championship, which Fox now formally conferred on Kilrain. He gave Kilrain the *Police Gazette's* diamond-studded championship belt to prove it. Angered, Sullivan's friends staged a huge demonstration at Boston and

handed their hero a bigger, gaudier, and somewhat more expensive belt.

Fox wanted Kilrain to be world champion, a title nobody else had ever thought of. He tried to get the English champ, Jem Smith, to come over. Smith was coy, so Fox sent Kilrain to England.

A similar situation prevailed in England. Both Smith and Charlie Mitchell claimed the English title. Mitchell had the distinction of having once knocked John L. Sullivan down, but most English fans considered Smith the champ, just as in the States the majority favored Sullivan. Kilrain succeeded in striking an agreement with Smith, at which point Sullivan came over and made a match with Mitchell.

Handsome, winning, and loudly ballyhooed, Kilrain should have taken England by storm. Modest, even diffident, he had crossed an ocean to challenge the more formidable of the two English "champions." But, as always, John L. got the limelight. Sneering at them, Sullivan captivated the English. He went everywhere and met everybody, and at the end of a long chat with the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, he was heard to say, "Good-by, Prince. If you ever get to Boston, look me up. I'll see that you're treated right."

Both fights ended in draws. Sullivan and Mitchell fought three hours and ten minutes. John L. won all 39 rounds by knockdowns, but Mitchell, who ran away throughout, was able to come up to the scratch. Kilrain and Smith fought two hours and 31 minutes

when, both men still standing, the contest was called because of darkness. Smith did not run away from Kilrain. A prize-ring round ended only when a man was knocked or thrown to the ground, and Kilrain and Smith fought 106 rounds—incidentally, in a raging blizzard.

Kilrain contended after this fight, and the Americans backed him, that he'd been cheated. They said he'd been clubbed in his corner, otherwise he'd have won. The Englishmen saw their money going, it was said, and hired thugs to work on Kilrain between rounds.

Back to their native land went the two Americans, and there, at long last, in Fox's splendiferous office, they agreed to fight. Sullivan tried to hold out for a meeting with gloves under the Queensberry rules. He argued that the public was against bare-fist fights and the law was getting touchier. Fox overruled him.

There had never been such a build-up. Though the fight would be a crime in any state in the Union, the entire country knew about it months in advance. It was to have been held in New Orleans on July 4, 1889. It was actually held at Richburg, Miss., about five miles from Vicksburg, on July 8. Richburg was the private property of a man named Charles Rich. July 8 was the hottest day on record in those parts.

This was the last prize-ring fight in the U. S., which is just as well. Old-timers get misty-eyed when they mention it. It is known as a "classic." But by all accounts, it was the dirtiest fight

on record. Both were the same age. Kilrain, at 230, was slightly the heavier. Neither sported his customary mustache nor hair; a man in the ring could be grabbed and held by the hair. The gladiators wore skintight, unribbed leather gloves. These were more wicked than bare fists, because in a long bout the unconfined fist would become swollen and soft.

In the first round, Kilrain threw the champ with a cross-buttock. In the second he threw him again. In the third he drew first blood. Then Sullivan got sore. After that it was always Jake who was knocked down, though he sometimes ended a round by throwing John L. When Kilrain fell, it was cried later, he invariably managed to spike John L.'s legs. We need not hold this against him. Spiking was against the rules, but it was common practice. John L. himself, every time he got a chance, lacerated Kilrain's legs with his spiked shoes.

John L., when thrown, always got up and walked unassisted to his corner. He never sat down, despite the terrific heat. "Why should I?" he asked. "I only got to get right up again." Kilrain, in his own corner, kept sipping from a bottle. He finished almost three pints of Maryland whisky in the course of the fight. John L., who had been on the wagon throughout his training, sipped water. At the end of the 43rd round, however, his seconds gave him a great drink of cold tea laced with whisky, and he started the 44th by throwing up. It was undoubtedly the tea.



This raised a nice point. John L. was vomiting, and Kilrain said something to him. Was Jake offering to wait till John L. felt better, or (a common practice then) asking for a split of the prize money if John L. would consent to a draw? Whatever it was, John L. snorted, vomited more, and tore in. He knocked Kilrain flat. In the next round, he knocked him down again and deliberately stamped on him with his spiked shoes.

Kilrain won 27 rounds, all by throws. John L. won 48, most of them by knockdowns. At the end of the 75th, a physician nudged Mike Donovan, one of Kilrain's seconds. "Let him go any more and he'll be dead."

Donovan, scared, threw in a towel.

Eventually, everybody directly concerned with this "classic" was arrested. John L. was bled unmercifully; for only the lawyers ever made any money out of it. Kilrain, as loser—it was a \$10,000 prize, winner take all—received only a state sentence of two months' hard labor. Charles Rich, the Richburg squire, hired his services as a convict and put him up as a house guest.

Kilrain tried to make a comeback, but his first defeat, though the most famous, was not his last. Jim Corbett, slim San Francisco bank clerk, took him on for six rounds, with five-ounce gloves, and slapped him all over the ring. At last Jake discovered that nobody wanted him any more. He could

not even get good notices in the *Police Gazette*.

About that time, John L. was beginning to amount to something in the theatrical game. John L. had been thoroughly beaten by Corbett, and with rare common sense hadn't attempted a comeback but had gone into vaudeville. He was remembered chiefly because of the Kilrain fight, and what could be better than to troupe with Jake himself?

Jake fell in with the idea. Hundreds of thousands of respectable theatergoers who would never have dreamed of witnessing the real thing were privileged, all through the country, to watch these two fat, middle-aged friends put on a ponderous sparring exhibition at the local "opry house." In 1910, they boarded a steamer and toured Europe.

John L. died in 1918, lonesome and broke but still famous. Jake went to his funeral, though he was doubled up with rheumatism and could scarcely walk. The day was exceedingly cold. The ground was so hard that the grave had to be blasted open with dynamite. Explosions were heard as people wept. "Just as John would have liked it," a reporter heard Jake mutter.

Jake lived almost 20 years after that, forgotten, always suffering. He died in Quincy, Mass., Dec. 22, 1937, and there was practically nothing about it in the papers. After all, who was Jake Kilrain? Who'd he ever lick?

A good proof of the existence of God is the state of the world that has discarded Him.

*The Sign* quoted from the *Catholic Review* (June-July '46).



\*\*\*\*\* The clouds disperse \*\*\*\*\*

## One Who Taught Love

By

HELEN KELLER

Introduction by Houston Peterson

Condensed chapter of a book\*

**M**ORE THAN anyone can intimate or estimate, the story of Helen Keller is the story of Anne Mansfield Sullivan. This is not said to minimize the heroic achievements of the one, but to do justice to the intelligent, affectionate, and courageous devotion of the other.

Only Dickens at his darkest could describe Anne Sullivan's early years. One of four children brought up near Springfield, Mass., in the utterly poverty-stricken home of immigrant Irish parents, she saw her five-year-old sister die of a malignant fever, her brother afflicted with a tubercular hip, her father a decaying drunkard, her mother wasting away from disease and hunger, and she herself half blind with trachoma. At ten, she and her brother Jimmie were wards of the sovereign state, in the squalor of the public almshouse at Tewksbury, near Boston. There Jimmie died and Anne endured for nearly five harrowing years. No, the famous teacher of Helen Keller was not a Boston blue blood who took up social work as a career.

At last, through her own rebellious initiative, she was transferred from Tewksbury to the Perkins Institution

and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, where the great work of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe was then being carried on by his son-in-law, Michael Anagnos. In his first trip to the U.S. in 1842, Dickens had found many things to admire, and some to detest, but he was most deeply touched by what Dr. Howe had done for a Laura Bridgman, and to Dr. Howe's report on her he gave ten pages of *American Notes*. "There she was before me," wrote Dickens, "built up, as it were, in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light, or particle of sound; with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help, that an immortal soul might be awakened."

"Long before I looked upon her, the help had come. Her face was radiant with intelligence and pleasure. From this mournful ruin of such bereavement, there had slowly risen up this gentle, tender, guileless, grateful-hearted being."

Within two years after Anne Sullivan had settled at the Perkins Institution, operations on her eyes brought back her sight, however imperfectly, but she remained there as student and

\*Great Teachers. 1946. Rutgers University Press, New Brunswick, N. J. 351 pp. \$3.50. Containing material from *The Story of My Life* by Helen Keller. Doubleday, Doran, N. Y., 1902.

helper, graduating as valedictorian of her class at the age of 20. Meanwhile, she had learned the manual alphabet and spent many hours chatting with Laura Bridgman. But her future was quite indefinite that summer after graduation while she vacationed with her friend and benefactor, Mrs. Laurence Hutton, on Cape Cod. Then, out of the blue, came a letter from Mr. Anagnos, asking if she would like to become the teacher of a blind, deaf and mute child in Alabama!

In the little town of Tuscumbia, a sorrowing mother held to one ray of hope because she recalled Dickens' account of Laura Bridgman. Her sprightly daughter Helen, at 19 months, had been suddenly stricken with what the doctors called "acute congestion of stomach and brain." The fever passed as quickly as it had come, but Helen was completely blind and deaf and the few words she had begun to use were soon lost. Several heavy years passed for Captain and Mrs. Keller. Then they went to Baltimore, where an oculist convinced them that Helen's eyes were beyond treatment but sent them for further advice to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, in Washington. It was Dr. Bell who suggested that they get in touch with Michael Anagnos.

When Anne Sullivan received Anagnos's letter about the opportunity in Alabama, she decided to accept, but to prepare herself she returned to the Institute for the winter to study the minute records that Dr. Howe and his assistants had kept in their work with

Laura Bridgman. Then, without waiting for her eyes to heal from a new operation, she started on the long trip south. The rest is history.—Houston Peterson.

The most important day I remember in all my life is the one on which my teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan, came to me. I am filled with wonder when I consider the immeasurable contrast between the two lives which it connects. It was March 3, 1887, three months before I was seven years old.

On the afternoon of that eventful day, I stood on the porch, dumb, expectant. I guessed vaguely from my mother's signs and from the hurrying to and fro in the house that something unusual was about to happen. I went to the door and waited on the steps. The afternoon sun penetrated the mass of honeysuckle that covered the porch, and fell on my upturned face. My fingers lingered almost unconsciously on the familiar leaves and blossoms which had just come forth to greet the sweet southern spring. I did not know what the future held of marvel or surprise for me. Anger and bitterness had preyed upon me continually for weeks and a deep languor had succeeded this passionate struggle.

Have you ever been at sea in a dense fog, when it seemed as if a tangible white darkness shut you in, and the great ship, tense and anxious, groped her way toward shore with plummet and sounding line, and you waited with beating heart for something to happen? I was like that ship before

my education began, only I was without compass or sounding line, and had no way of knowing how near the harbor was. "Light! give me light!" was the wordless cry of my soul, and the light of love shone on me in that very hour.

I felt approaching footsteps. I stretched out my hand, as I supposed, to my mother. Someone took it, and I was caught up and held close in the arms of her who had come to reveal all things to me, and more than all things else, to love me.

The morning after my teacher came she led me into her room and gave me a doll. The little blind children at the Perkins Institution had sent it and Laura Bridgman had dressed it; but I did not know this until afterward. When I had played with it a little while, Miss Sullivan slowly spelled into my hand the word *d-o-l-l*. I was at once interested in this finger play and tried to imitate it. When I finally succeeded in making the letters correctly I was flushed with childish pleasure and pride. Running downstairs to my mother, I held up my hand and made the letters for *doll*. I did not know that I was spelling a word or even that words existed; I was simply making my fingers go in monkey-like imitation. In the days that followed I learned to spell in this uncomprehending way a great many words, among them *pin*, *hat*, *cup*, and a few verbs like *sit*, *stand*, and *walk*. But my teacher had been with me several weeks before I came to understand that everything has a name.

One day while I was playing with my new doll, Miss Sullivan put my big rag doll into my lap also, spelled *d-o-l-l* and tried to make me understand that *d-o-l-l* applied to both. Earlier in the day we had had a tussle over *m-u-g* and *w-a-t-e-r*. Miss Sullivan had tried to impress it upon me that *m-u-g* is mug and that *w-a-t-e-r* is water, but I was persistent in confounding the two. In despair, she had dropped the subject for the time, only to renew it at the first opportunity. I became impatient at her repeated attempts and, seizing the new doll, I dashed it upon the floor. I was keenly delighted when I felt the fragments at my feet. Neither sorrow nor regret followed my passionate outburst. I had not loved the doll. In the still, dark world in which I lived there was no strong sentiment nor tenderness. I felt my teacher sweep the fragments to one side of the hearth, and I had a sense of satisfaction that the cause of my discomfort was removed. She brought me my hat, and I knew I was going out into the warm sunshine. This thought, if a wordless sensation may be called a thought, made me hop and skip with pleasure.

We walked down the path to the well house, attracted by the fragrance of the honeysuckle with which it was covered. Someone was drawing water and my teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into the other the word *water*, first slowly, then rapidly. I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motions of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty con-

sciousness as of something forgotten, a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew then that *W-A-T-E-R* meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free! There were barriers still, it is true, but barriers that could in time be swept away.

I left the well house eager to learn. Everything had a name, and each name gave birth to a new thought. As we returned to the house, every object which I touched seemed to quiver with life. That was because I saw everything with the strange, new sight that had come to me. On entering the door I remembered the doll I had broken. I felt my way to the hearth and picked up the pieces. I tried vainly to put them together. Then my eyes filled with tears; for I realized what I had done, and for the first time I felt repentance.

I learned a great many new words that day. I do not remember what they all were; but I do know that *mother*, *father*, *sister*, *teacher* were among them, words that were to make the world blossom for me "like Aaron's rod, with flowers." It would have been difficult to find a happier child than I was as I lay in my crib at the close of that eventful day and lived over the joys it had brought me, and for the first time longed for a new day to come.

I recall many incidents of the summer of 1887 that followed my soul's sudden awakening. I did nothing but explore with my hands and learn the name of every object that I touched;

and the more I handled things and learned their names and uses, the more joyous and confident grew my sense of kinship with the rest of the world.

When the time of daisies and buttercups came Miss Sullivan led me by the hand across the fields, where men were preparing the earth for seed, to the banks of the Tennessee river, and there, sitting on the warm grass, I had my first lessons in the beneficence of nature. I learned how sun and rain make to grow out of the ground every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food, how birds build their nests and live and thrive from land to land, how the squirrel, deer, lion, and every other creature find food and shelter. As my knowledge of things grew I felt more and more the delight of the world I was in. Long before I learned to do a sum in arithmetic or describe the shape of the earth, Miss Sullivan had taught me to find beauty in the fragrant woods, in every blade of grass, and in the curves and dimples of my baby sister's hand. She linked my earliest thoughts with nature, and made me feel that "birds and flowers and I were happy peers."

But about this time I had an experience which taught me that nature is not always kind. One day my teacher and I were returning from a long ramble. The morning had been fine, but it was growing warm and sultry when at last we turned our faces homeward. Two or three times we stopped to rest under a tree by the wayside. Our last halt was under a wild cherry tree a short distance from the house. The

shade was grateful, and the tree was so easy to climb that with my teacher's assistance I was able to scramble to a seat in the branches. It was so cool up in the tree that Miss Sullivan proposed that we have our luncheon there. I promised to keep still while she went to the house to fetch it.

Suddenly a change passed over the tree. All the sun's warmth left the air. I knew that the sky was black, because all the heat, which meant light to me, had died out of the atmosphere. A strange odor came up from the earth. I knew it: the odor that always precedes a thunderstorm, and a nameless fear clutched at my heart. I felt absolutely alone, cut off from friends and the firm earth. The immense, the unknown, enfolded me. I remained still and expectant; a chilling terror crept over me. I longed for my teacher's return; but above all things I wanted to get down from that tree.

There was a moment of sinister silence, then a multitudinous stirring of the leaves. A shiver ran through the tree, and the wind sent forth a blast that would have knocked me off had I not clung to the branch with might and main. The tree swayed and strained. The small twigs snapped and fell about me in showers. A wild impulse to jump seized me, but terror held me fast. I crouched down in the fork of the tree. The branches lashed about me. I felt the intermittent jarring that came now and then, as if something heavy had fallen and the shock had traveled up till it reached the limb I sat on. It worked my suspense up to

the highest point, and just as I was thinking the tree and I should fall together, my teacher seized my hand and helped me down. I clung to her, trembling with joy to feel the earth under my feet once more. I had learned a new lesson, that nature "wages open war against her children, and under softest touch hides treacherous claws."

After this experience it was a long time before I climbed another tree. The mere thought filled me with terror. It was the sweet allurements of the mimosa in full bloom that finally overcame my fears. One beautiful spring morning when I was alone in the summerhouse, reading, I became aware of a wonderful subtle fragrance in the air. I started up and instinctively stretched out my hands. It seemed as if the spirit of spring had passed through the summerhouse. "What is it?" I asked, and the next minute I recognized the mimosa. Was there ever anything so exquisitely beautiful in the world before! Its delicate blossoms shrank from the slightest earthly touch; it seemed as if a tree of paradise had been transplanted to earth. I made my way through a shower of petals to the great trunk and for one minute stood irresolute; then, putting my foot in the broad space between the forked branches, I pulled myself up into the tree. I had some difficulty in holding on, for the branches were very large and the bark hurt my hands. But I had a delicious sense that I was doing something unusual and wonderful, so I kept on climbing higher and higher, until I



reached a little seat which somebody had built there so long ago that it had grown part of the tree itself. I sat there for a long, long time, feeling like a fairy on a rosy cloud. After that I spent many happy hours in my tree of paradise, thinking fair thoughts and dreaming bright dreams.

I had now the key to all language, and I was eager to learn to use it. Children who hear acquire language without any particular effort; the words that fall from others' lips they catch on the wing, as it were, delightedly, while the little deaf children must trap them by a slow and often painful process. But whatever the process, the result is wonderful. Gradually from naming an object we advance step by step until we have traversed the vast distance between our first stammered syllable and the sweep of thought in a line of Shakespeare.

At first, when my teacher told me about a new thing I asked very few questions. My ideas were vague, my vocabulary inadequate; but as my knowledge of things grew, and I learned more and more words, my field of inquiry broadened, and I would return again and again to the same subject. Sometimes a new word revived an image that some earlier experience had engraved on my brain.

I remember the morning I first asked the meaning of the word *love*. This was before I knew many words. I had found a few early violets in the garden and brought them to my teacher. She tried to kiss me; but at that time I did not like to have anyone

kiss me except my mother. Miss Sullivan put her arm gently round me and spelled into my hand, "I love Helen."

"What is love?" I asked.

She drew me closer to her and said, "It is here," pointing to my heart, whose beats I was conscious of for the first time. Her words puzzled me very much because I did not then understand anything unless I touched it.

I smelled the violets in her hand, and asked, half in words, half in signs, a question which meant, "Is love the sweetness of flowers?"

"No," said my teacher.

Again I thought. The warm sun was shining on us.

"Is this not love?" I asked, pointing in the direction from which the heat came, "Is this not love?"

It seemed to me that there could be nothing more beautiful than the sun, whose warmth makes all things grow. But Miss Sullivan shook her head, and I was greatly puzzled and disappointed. I thought it strange that my teacher could not show me love.

A day or two afterward I was stringing beads of different sizes in symmetrical groups. I had made many mistakes, and Miss Sullivan had pointed them out again and again with gentle patience. Finally I noticed a very obvious error in the sequence and for an instant I concentrated my attention on the lesson and tried to think how I should have arranged the beads. Miss Sullivan touched my forehead and spelled with emphasis, "Think."

In a flash I knew that the word was

the name of the process that was going on in my head. This was my first conscious perception of an abstract idea.


For a long time I was still. I was not thinking of the beads in my lap, but trying to find a meaning for *love* in the light of this new idea. The sun had been under a cloud all day, and there had been brief showers; but suddenly the sun broke forth in all its southern splendor.

Again I asked my teacher, "Is this not love?"

"Love is something like the clouds that were in the sky before the sun

came out," she replied. Then in simpler words than these, which at that time I could not have understood, she explained, "You cannot touch the clouds, you know; but you feel the rain and you know how glad the flowers and the thirsty earth are to have it after a hot day. You cannot touch love either; but you feel the sweetness that it pours into everything. Without love you would not be happy nor want to play."

The beautiful truth burst upon my mind. I felt that there were invisible lines stretched between my spirit and the spirits of others.



### Breakfast at Sarto's

When Bishop Giuseppe Sarto became an important public character he felt himself called upon to receive all who sought him out. Callers came at all hours. Whatever he was doing was set aside. Rich and poor, especially the poor, were always welcome. Often he would go to the door and open it himself, inviting within whoever was there. On one such occasion, early in the morning, the bishop was bending over his desk, writing. He heard a voice inquiring, "May I come in?" A young monsignor stood apologizing for the early call. He introduced himself as "Achille Ratti from the Ambrosiana in Milano." He had come to Mantua to see the library.

"Have you said Mass, Monsignor?" the bishop asked; and on being told he had already offered it in the cathedral, the bishop continued, "May I bring you a cup of coffee?" Thereupon Bishop Sarto began to call his sisters, who lived at the episcopal palace with him, "Maria! Anna! Rosa!" No answer! They were all in church. "Come downstairs with me," laughed the bishop.

There in the kitchen, with the simplicity of Christ at Bethany, the future Pius X prepared breakfast for the future Pius XI.

From *Their Name Is Pius* by Lillian Browne-Olf (Bruce, 1941).

# Dresden

# Madonna

By  
P. CHIMINELLI

FOR 40 YEARS, the Lutheran king, Frederick Augustus II of Saxony (1797-1854), famous as a collector of masterpieces, had longed to possess as his own the Madonna di San Sisto, painted by Raphael, the Master of Urbino, in 1515 for the Benedictine church of Piacenza in Italy.

He saw her for the first time in 1711; from then on, his dream was to add this great pearl to his collection of Titian, Correggio, Giorgione, Rubens, Ruysdael, and Jordaens. The state archives of Dresden have the account of the protracted negotiations which he undertook with the Benedictines of Piacenza, through an intermediary, Abbot Bianconi of the University of Bologna. The court of Dresden finally agreed to pay 25,000 gold pieces, payable by letter of exchange to the Tommer bank in Venice, plus 100 Hungarian ducats for packing expenses. Thus King Frederick became possessor of the coveted treasure.

After a journey of almost two months, in a coach specially constructed for the purpose and escorted by soldiers, the Madonna di San Sisto



Condensed from the  
*Commonweal*\*

arrived in Dresden, where, among the acclamations of the people, she became the "Madonna of Dresden," object of tenderest care and the pride of the city.

The king and his court, overwhelmed with joy, outdid themselves to pay her homage. As the best light for the cherished masterpiece was the very place where Frederick's throne was placed, he unhesitatingly ordered the latter dismantled. The people of Dresden then inaugurated the "flowering" of the Madonna, scattering blossoms continuously on the pedestal where the painting rested so that the Virgin seemed to be enthroned on an altar.

Grimm, Raphael's biographer, wrote at the time that "like a victorious army the Madonna di San Sisto had come to conquer all Germany for Raphael."

The Sistine Madonna has been ever since a great attraction to Protestant minds of the whole world and has initiated them to an understanding of the love of our Lady. Goethe himself exalted her as:

*Model of mothers—queen of women,  
A magic brush has, as by enchantment,  
Set her there. . . .*

\* 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City, 16. Sept. 6, 1946.

The learned Winckelmann, who was a Lutheran, perceived in her "a grandeur more than womanly, a posture of beatific repose, of that divine calm such as the ancients gave their gods."

The art critics of that time had nothing but praise for her. Hans Posse, of the State Art Gallery of Dresden, recognized that "in her, Mary appears as the mother of the Saviour, our mediatrix, and the majestic Queen of Heaven."

The celebrated American Episcopalian orator of Advent church in Philadelphia and Trinity church in Boston, Phillips Brooks, was extraordinarily impressed by this Madonna. After his return to America, he said of her, "I had waited for years and years to see this famous painting. The room of the Dresden museum where it stands seemed to me the most sacred of churches. To me the Sistine Madonna is to all other paintings as the Bible is to all books. I can say nothing of her, because one cannot describe what one feels after having waited for 15 years to enjoy something, and upon seeing it to find it ineffably superior to one's former dream."

Brooks went to Egypt, where he saw the Sphinx, and sitting in her shadow on the edge of the desert he recalled in his meditation the Madonna he had seen in Dresden. "I think one can draw

a comparison," he wrote, "between the Sphinx and the Madonna of Dresden as between the two highest expressions of art of two great religions, oriental and occidental, fatalism and providence, which to me they seem to express. Both try to express the union of humanity with something that transcends it, but one seems to reach it with the superior spirituality of a divine nature. One of them unites knowledge with suffering and as such asks the homage of man, while the other radiates wisdom and love and says to him, 'Adore!' On the human face of the Sphinx, life is written as an enigma, an insoluble doubt, a mocking disorientation. The face of the Virgin, instead, is bathed in an unfathomable mystery but reveals to us, nevertheless, infinite mysteries about our own life. She does not mock us; she blesses us. The Egyptian woman is solitary amongst her sandy dunes, to be adored but not loved. The Christian woman, clasping her child in her arms, enters into social reality and into the sympathy of all mankind. The adoration she requests evokes effusions of love."

For 200 years, the Madonna di San Sisto has accomplished in Dresden, among the non-Catholics, a powerful apostolate of revealing light and compelling love.

Now she has set out on her travels once more, this time to Moscow.

Some of my intellectual friends called me a sorry case, and perhaps I am. But you do have to believe either that God made the world, or that it made itself. I prefer the more reasonable belief.

Fulton Oursler in *Our Sunday Visitor* (22 Sept. '46).

Save your tears . . . and dimes

By NORMAN T. KIRK

Condensed from *Collier's*\*

As told to J. D. Ratcliff

# MICE-OR MEN?



Dr. Kirk is surgeon general of the U.S. Army.

ANTIVIVISECTIONISTS are often sincere but misguided persons who, on the grounds of cruelty to animals, would stop all research work. From time to time they whip up nationwide campaigns against the use of animals in medical research. If they were to have their way, it would mean the closing of medical schools and research laboratories. It would mean that we would leave the cancer problem unsolved, and pass up all hope that future generations of children will escape the ravages of infantile paralysis.

This discussion has nothing to do with love of horses, dogs, or other animals. That is a deep-rooted human feeling common to all of us. It has to do with the eventual conquest of diseases which strike down both men and animals.

After the 1st World War the antivivisectionists launched a campaign such as the one under way today. If they had won a general victory at that time, your neighbor who has diabetes wouldn't now have the insulin that keeps him alive. Your friend with per-

nicious anemia would have been in his grave long ago.

Approximately 75,000 people would have died last winter of pneumonia, but for the sulfa drugs. The children miraculously snatched back from meningitis by penicillin wouldn't have been so fortunate. Thousands of soldiers who are back home now would be sleeping under white crosses in France, Germany, New Guinea, Okinawa—if the antivivisectionists had won in 1920.

The stock in trade of the antivivisectionists is the propaganda technique perfected by Dr. Goebbels: repeat a misstatement often enough and people will accept it as fact. Thus, the surgeon becomes a bloody butcher, the medical-research man a sadistic monster. One of their favorite pieces of literature shows a physician waving a bloody hatchet over a cowering dog. The "sadistic monsters" they speak of are such men as Gerhard Domagk, finder of the sulfa drugs; Edward Doisy, who discovered the vitamin K that keeps newborn infants from bleeding to death; the teams of researchers who found how to make lifesaving plasma.

\* 250 Park Ave., New York City, 17. June 29, 1946.



In broad outline, the antivivisectionists often work in this way. An executive secretary starts an organization. He plays on the sympathies of his clients, persuading them to part with as much cash as possible. When they die they are expected to leave their money to the organization. Many of them respond handsomely. Not long ago two persons died in Chicago, each leaving over \$2 million to the antivivisectionists. Smaller financial support comes from dog lovers who make annual contributions to the movement without seeing the implications of their acts.

To keep his organization going, the secretary has to provide excitement for his customers. He does this by keeping things in constant ferment. The chief objects of his attention are the state legislatures. Without too much effort, he can get signatures on a petition supporting an antivivisection bill. (It is axiomatic with pressure groups that you can get signatures on any petition—even to sell California to the Japanese, to move the White House to Alaska.) Armed with an impressive scroll of names—more than 200,000 signed in New York state not long ago—the executive secretary storms the legislature, leading his tearful battalion. Legislators lend a respectful ear.

Medical and research men have to rush to the capitol to fight for their lives. They waste valuable time. Over and over again, they have to tell the elementary stories of medical research that should be required reading in every grade school. Up to now, calm reason has always won. But there is

the omnipresent danger that one day it won't win. In the state where such calamity strikes, medical progress stops.

Such shenanigans add excitement to the lives of the executive secretary's clients. He feeds them on the preposterous pap that in medical schools children's pet dogs are strapped to tables and butchered on purely sadistic impulse. This, of course, is dangerous nonsense. Any medical school that appropriated a child's pet would be sued out of existence. An experimenter who would inflict needless pain on *any* animal would be subject to a jail sentence under laws that prevail in all states.

The antivivisectionists have so far won no campaigns, but have won local skirmishes. In cities like San Francisco, Cleveland, Boston, and New York they have secured ordinances prohibiting medical schools from using animals sentenced to death in city pounds. As a result, 33,000 animals are killed in Boston each-year and rendered into soap and fertilizer, while medical schools waste money sending out of the state for animals necessary in teaching and research.

In one instance, antivivisectionists all but stopped the work of one of the nation's top research men. Out of courtesy to him, and to keep the antivivisectionists from making his life miserable, his name won't be mentioned. Suffice to say that he was doing research on diseases of the heart and arteries, which rank as top killer of human beings.

The city where he worked had per-

mitted the antivivisectionists to jam through an ordinance denying research men the right to use homeless animals collected on city streets. As a result, this researcher had to send out of the state for animals, paying for crating and shipping. It strained his meager budget to the breaking point. To get funds to keep working, he had to perform autopsies at night for the county coroner's office. In the end, he succeeded in finding one of the basic causes of high blood pressure—a piece of work that merits the highest recognition. This is the type of man the antivivisectionists have declared war on.

In any discussion one point stands out. Those people aren't at war with cruelty to animals. They are at war with science.

The next point made by the antivivisectionists is that nothing of benefit has come from animal experimentation. They blindly ignore facts—until they get sick. Not long ago one of the most vocal opponents of animal experimentation was gravely ill in a Chicago hospital. Plasma, sulfa, and other drugs—all proved through animal experimentation—pulled the patient through. An alert newspaper wanted to print the story, giving the historical background of every drug that had been used. On ethical grounds, the physician refused. He would not violate the privacy of his patient.

To a great degree such ethical considerations handicap the medical profession in fighting those people. The physician can state only facts. The other side can use any near truths and

whatever wild distortions it chooses.

Twenty-five years ago diabetes was a sentence of death. When a baby got this disease, its life could be measured in days. Then that pair of medical immortals, the late Sir Frederick Banting and Dr. Charles Best, found how to extract insulin from the pancreas of slaughterhouse animals. Millions of diabetics are alive today only because of this work, which cost the lives of 30 dogs.

Without the aid of dogs, Dr. George H. Whipple would never have been able to work out the liver-extract treatment for pernicious anemia. He painlessly bled a number of dogs until they were anemic, then sought and found the magic fraction in liver which would keep them alive. Until this work was done, the disease was universally fatal.

But for animal experimentation, conducted mostly on mice, we could never have had the sulfa drugs. The same is true of penicillin, and that brilliant newcomer, streptomycin. At the turn of the century 60,000 babies were strangled to death each year in the U. S. by diphtheria. Then experimentation on animals led to diphtheria antitoxin, and the ghastly disease was stopped.

Without animal experimentation, surgery would be a bloody butchery. The animals get the same anesthetics, the same consideration that the human patient does. We don't regard the surgeon who removes our appendix or gall bladder as a cruel monster; but the antivivisectionists regard him as such if he happens to be working on a dog.

Denied use of animals, medical students would of necessity have to learn the techniques of surgery on human patients. The idea isn't pleasant. But that would be the only way of learning.

Antivivisectionists contend that experimental surgery isn't necessary. Here again, they have difficulty in supporting their case. Harvey Cushing developed his delicate brain surgery by work on dogs. Until then, a penetrating wound of the brain was universally fatal. The technique became so perfected that a scant 15% of the men thus wounded in the 2nd World War died.

Similarly with abdominal wounds: in the Civil War, 100% of the soldiers with bullet wounds in the abdomen died. Then a research man shot 30 anesthetized dogs through the bowels. From this experiment he showed that it is possible to suture severed intestines under the circumstances of war just as in civilian practice. The fact that only one in five men thus injured in the 2nd World War died of his wounds can be traced at least in part to this experiment.

To enumerate all medical progress that traces directly to animal experimentation is impossible, for the reason that practically every medical advance stems from such work. Vitamins could never have been discovered without animal work. A few puppies starved of vitamin D led to the discovery that this vitamin prevents rickets in children. Millions of children have straight legs, strong backs because of this work.

The method of removing a diseased kidney was worked out on dogs before it was tried on man; and so was the procedure for removing portions of the stomach, as is done in the case of gastric ulcers. It cost the lives of 24 cats to develop the iron lung. If the price seems high, look in some day at the infantile-paralysis ward of a children's hospital. See the faces of children who are alive only because of the iron lung, and remember those faces the next time an antivivisectionist goes into his routine.

Surgical asepsis would never have been discovered but for animal experimentation, nor would most of the anesthetics which make surgery painless both for man and animals.

The antivivisectionists never mention that animals themselves derive enormous benefit from research work. Without this work, there would be no protection against rabies, distemper, hog cholera, Bang's disease, and a host of other illnesses which beset the animal world.

As a physician, I have visited scores of medical research laboratories. I have yet to see a single example of cruelty. On the contrary, animals are better fed, better housed, treated with more consideration than they are in most households. The fact is that 95% of all animals used undergo no greater pain than the diabetic does when he takes a shot of insulin, than the school child getting a shot of diphtheria vaccine. Most animals are used for purposes of injection to test new drugs and vitamins, and to standardize

serums and vaccines for use in humans.

Unless animals were available for tests, a large part of the biological products used to protect our health would disappear. Dr. Victor Heiser dramatized this point before a Senate-committee hearing on an antivivisection bill.

"The bottle I hold in my hand," he said, "contains a new remedy for hookworm. Hundreds of thousands of human beings throughout the world die each year of this scourge. Hundreds of thousands of dogs also die. This drug may be the basis of saving them. Nobody knows how much it will take to kill hookworms without killing the patient also. The ordinary procedure would be to find out all about it by testing it on dogs before releasing it for general use on man. But if we are forbidden to test it on dogs, what recourse is there but to test it on human beings?"

"Now I have a suggestion to make." Heiser glanced at the most vocal antivivisectionists seated in the front row. "Here is your chance to perhaps save the lives of innumerable human beings, and dogs as well. We'll try the experiment on you. I'll give you one teaspoonful. I'll give you two, and you three." He pointed to the persons sitting next to the first man. "Then we'll see what happens. Of course, you may be terribly sick, but I don't think you'll die, and you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you've served the cause of your 'best friend.'"

Heiser started pouring and the seats cleared.

The other 5% of animals are used by medical men for teaching purposes. They get the same anesthetics used on human patients. If undue damage is done them, or if there is likelihood of any severe postoperative pain, they are put to death. There is no more cruelty practiced here than there is in the average appendectomy. There is considerably less pain than there is when a child has his tonsils removed.

Dr. Anton J. Carlson, outstanding physiologist at the University of Chicago, sums up, "If a man is not worth more than a dog, then our efforts to improve man are in error. We had better start raising more dogs and destroying more men, women, and children for the good of the dog, so that the canine species may inherit the earth."

If we knew that ten more years of animal work would solve the cancer problem, should such work take place? From the antivivisectionists, the answer will be No, let 160,000 Americans continue to perish of this disease each year in order that a fraction of that many mice may live. One of this misguided group states frankly, "I would not have one mouse painfully vivisected to save the greatest of human beings."

Tears of the antivivisectionists might better be spent on that valiant band of medical martyrs that grows larger each year: Hideyo Noguchi and Adrian Stokes, who died on Africa's torrid west coast in an attempt to solve the yellow-fever riddle; Howard Taylor Ricketts, who perished in Mexico of

the typhus he was trying to conquer; Alexander Yersin, the Swiss hero who discovered the bacillus of bubonic plague, then died under attack of that monstrous microbe; T. B. McClintic, one of the six who perished of Rocky Mountain spotted fever before a preventive vaccine was found.

Justly fearful, the antivivisectionists never turn up in the terror of an infantile-paralysis epidemic. They know, as all thoughtful persons know, that the only hope of eventual prevention and cure of this fearful sickness rests in continued animal experimentation. But in off seasons they become braver. Thus, California antivivisectionists opposed the March of Dimes campaign. This campaign is carried on in winter, when polio is asleep.

This whole fight is just another case of the righteous and intelligent being victimized by the misguided.

Everyone is for kindness to animals, that being a basic tenet of human de-

cency. But before donating a dime to any kindness-to-animals association, first determine that association's stand on the vivisection question. Better still, if you have money to donate, send it to one of the new organizations formed to combat the antivivisectionists: the National Society for Medical Research, or its related society, the Friends of Medical Research. These organizations, medicine's first attempts to defend its good name, both have offices in Chicago.

Enlightened people should fight for positive legislation, such as Chicago has. This ordinance says that recognized medical schools shall have free access to animals sentenced to death at the city pound. If such ordinances were generally adopted it would stop the needless expenditure of thousands of dollars a year the laboratories pay out for animals. This money would then be available for increased work, increased human progress.



## How Is Your Ecclesiastical Vocabulary?

By William J. Nolan

What is your liturgical IQ? What do the following terms, which are used in referring to Catholic churches, customs, rites, and vestments, mean to you? How many can you identify? A score of 15 is excellent, 10 is good, and 5 is fair. The answers will be found on page 60, but no fair peeking.

- |                  |                      |                  |
|------------------|----------------------|------------------|
| 1. Rheims-Douay  | 8. cope              | 15. cowl         |
| 2. monstrance    | 9. rood              | 16. rosary       |
| 3. orphrey       | 10. relic            | 17. campanile    |
| 4. chancellor    | 11. Way of the Cross | 18. Angelic Hymn |
| 5. rector        | 12. patriarch        | 19. lectionary   |
| 6. vicar-general | 13. schola cantorum  | 20. novena       |
| 7. banns         | 14. baptistery       |                  |



They had the Lotu

# Crusade in the JUNGLE



By JAMES HANNAN

WAR HAS GONE from the Solomons. Along the beaches and in little coves are rusting wrecks of barges; once in a while one sees the ugly snout of a tank thrusting through the jungle. The last soldiers are gone; life in the villages is returning to its old tenor. But there are significant differences, startling to the priests going back to their old missions.

The Japanese, during their years of conquest, either in the course of fighting or, more often, in a spirit of sheer destruction, succeeded in destroying every record of the missions. The 30,000 Catholics must be found again; lists of living and dead brought up to date; marriages solemnized; hundreds baptized; hundreds more confirmed. The returning missionaries are striking in from the coasts, carrying portable altars, trekking through the mountains. They have no houses, carry no food. The natives shelter them, share meals with them. Three to seven days are spent in each village, and a census is taken of the spiritual life.

Forty-five months of war brought to the natives an appreciation of the faith which would have taken 45 years of normal living to gain. They have learn-

Condensed from the *Advocate*\*

ed thoroughly that the Catholic faith belongs to them; that it is not something imported by the white man, to disappear with him. They lost their priests, had no Mass, no sacraments; but they did have spiritual leadership. Of the 500 teachers, the vast majority remained faithful, and rose to heights of heroism no missionary had dared to expect. Some are martyrs. They may never be raised to the altars of the Church; but they are martyrs, nevertheless.

The natives who fought the Japanese were clearly conscious of the fact that they were fighting for the *Lotu*, the Catholic faith. If the Japanese had been wise enough to leave the faith untouched, their tenure of the islands might have been more comfortable. The native warriors who fought in the Solomons did not fight for Australia, for the white man, for the Empire—they fought for God.

Misiamo, before the war, was a man of the Nagavisi tribe, which controls the mountain regions back of Kieta. Today he is uncrowned king of his people. At the end of hostilities he was decorated by the Australian government, and presented with the title of

\*143-151 à Beckett St., Melbourne, C.I., Australia. July 31, 1946.

Black Brigadier by war correspondents. But Misiampo did not fight for Australia; he fought for the *Lotu*.

He was not very fervent before the war; for there seemed always to be complications in the way of his full acceptance of the faith. Then came the Japanese; patrols thrust up from the coast, executing the decision of imperial Nippon that the Catholic faith was to be exterminated in the Solomons. Churches were burned, schools dispersed. Then the Nagavisi—and Misiampo—understood. Either they fought, or the faith died.

In the village council houses they declared formal war on the despoilers, and Misiampo carried that declaration into effect. The story of that strange war reads like that of Robin Hood. Armed with only bows and arrows and axes, they made swift attacks on Japanese garrisons; they waited for days to ambush patrols in the mountain passes; they struck swiftly, silently; then faded into the jungle. Soon their bows and arrows were replaced with Japanese rifles and submachine guns, their axes with hand grenades. Long before war's end the Nagavisi country was a closed land to the Japanese.

But Misiampo was not only a soldier:

he was a leader, a Christian leader above all. Deep in the jungle he had chapels built, and there his men were ordered to assemble, night and morning, before and after battle, to say the prayers they had learned, to pledge their fighting to God. With simple faith he told them that only for the *Lotu* would they be given the strength to fight; only with God's help could their simple weapons defeat the invader. The schools were gone, but he protected the young by putting them in houses apart where they were taught the faith.

Now the crusade is over, the weapons have been laid aside; the wrecked villages and devastated gardens are being built up again, but Misiampo still leads his people. Churches are being built for the return of the priests; pagans are begging to learn of the faith; and Misiampo's personal difficulties in the way of his practice of the faith have been put aside.

That is the story of one tribe. It is being repeated all over the islands. The war has driven the faith deep into the hearts of the people. The missionary is no longer the white man; he is a priest of God, the one who is coming again to bring the Mass to His people.



## One World

Stalin is a very simple man. He is incessantly searching for the least common denominator. First he admitted the Big Five. Soon, however, he had that reduced to the Big Four. Now he is working on the Big Three with the obvious intent of winding up with the Big One.

NOVENA NOTES (13 Sept. '46).

# Behind the Iron Curtain

By KARL BRANDT

## Program in Russian Germany

Condensed from the *Commercial & Financial Chronicle*\*

IS WAR with Russia inevitable? I strongly believe that such a war can be avoided, and that it would be criminal not to make even gigantic efforts to arrive at a *modus vivendi* with that upsurging world power. But I believe also that the first step in that direction must be to appraise clearly and realistically Russia's intentions and strategy.

During my four months with the War Department as adviser on food and agriculture in Germany, I had an opportunity to look behind the iron curtain, and to see Russia's diplomacy, military government, and economic experts at work in the Russian zone.

I lived in Berlin, which lies in the eastern part of the Russian zone. I crossed through the Russian zone to the British many times, and interviewed Germans while en route. I had the advantage of speaking German as my mother tongue, and have many loyal friends among anti-Nazi Germans. I saw hundreds of Germans who live and work in the Russian zone, many German administrators and experts serving the Russian military government. I have received information from American citizens who have trav-

eled as diplomats or reporters in the Russian zone. Finally, I met with the Russian economic experts, when, as expert for the chairman of the American group, I attended the Four-Power conferences on the level of German industries.

As far as I could see, everything the Russians have done demonstrates a very clear-cut, realistic policy in perfect harmony with the manifest political, social, and economic aims of the Soviet Union. The application of those aims to the land, people, and productive assets in the Russian areas of Germany illustrates with what thoroughness, zeal, and adroitness a program of sovietization is being achieved.

Supposedly, the Russians have no chance to win the Germans to their side because their troops treated German civilians so mercilessly. I doubt the correctness of that assumption.

When Russian front-line troops entered East Prussia, Pomerania, and Brandenburg, they behaved much like any battle-scarred, victorious front-line troops would have. It was reserve troops who followed who took revenge for what the German army, and particularly "special detachments" of SS

\*25 Park Place, New York City. July 25, 1946.

and the Gestapo, had done to Russian civilians and their land. It is the naked, disgusting truth that the commanding general who took Berlin issued an order of the day in which he specifically granted his troops the freedom of the city, later extending the order orally for an additional week, reminding them that any woman or wealth they wanted was theirs.

This order was followed by such wholesale looting as to make the savage orgies of the Japanese in Nanking child's play by comparison. All homes were searched for valuables. Sewing machines, typewriters, radios, telephones, watches, jewelry, fur coats, clothing, and linen were taken. Steel vaults and safes in every bank were cracked and contents removed. There were not many women of any age who escaped being raped. Thousands committed suicide. All the buses and streetcars, telephone switchboards and automatic exchanges, every foot of copper wire, and trucks and passenger cars were taken away.

Yet it is a sad mistake to believe that we can count upon the people in the Russian zone to carry on a policy of stubborn noncooperation or resistance. Burning resentment is there, but the only way to express it is to commit suicide.

After several months, the demoralized troops were exchanged for young recruits from inner Asia, and more law and order was established. In general, military-government law is enforced with no greater brutality against Germans than against Russian soldiers.

That, however, is tougher treatment than any American MP would survive were he to try it on GPs.

Aside from the troops, there are units of the uniformed NKVD, the dreaded Soviet political police, and under them work special detachments of the secret plain-clothes German police.

The two most drastic policies the Red army has carried out have been the exacting of reparations in kind, and establishment of "agrarian reform."

Disregarding the Potsdam agreements, the Soviets decided unilaterally to satisfy their own demand for reparations in kind, as well as to secure the share Poland is to receive, by stripping the German railroads, public utility installations, and industries, regardless of what such a loss of productive plant capacity would do to German economy. This process began before Potsdam, and has been carried on ever since.

While Americans and British have demilitarized industries chiefly by blasting condemned war plants, I have not found that the Russians have demolished any war plants; on the contrary, they ship them out of the country. The pattern is always the same. Russian engineers call on German managers and crews to restore a plant to full capacity. Russian experts help. When the plant is really in operation, other Russians appear, close down the plant, and begin dismantling operations with Russian crews and soldiers. Only walls and concrete floors are left

when this stripping process is completed. Doorknobs, pipes, faucets, wiring—everything goes.

Stripping has struck coal mines, power plants, the two largest German shoe factories, the largest stocking factory, sugar mills, farm machinery and fertilizer plants, the largest cornstarch and dextrose plant, automotive and bicycle factories, and many others.

Yet not every factory is dismantled. Some work to fill Russian orders, and to some extent even use Russian raw materials. Those have a delivery quota to meet and can supply German markets with whatever remains after the quota is met. The big Zeiss optical works at Jena operates overtime with 6,000 laborers, manufacturing equipment for Russia's army, air force, and navy.

To say that this ruthless stripping of industries must incite revolt would be to jump to conclusions too quickly. The Germans in the Russian zone have already become prostrate proletarians who can do nothing except call on the government for help. Their economic distress plays into the hands of the German communists, and rule by the German communists dovetails with Russia's foreign policy.

Agrarian reform is the other barrel of the gun. Large estates have been abolished; their owners and managing personnel, except those who fled, have with few exceptions been shot or deported. Livestock, tractors, and other machinery of value have been shipped to Russia. On paper, the land has been distributed among farm laborers, ref-

ugee peasants and others, in lots of 12 acres each. Most of the fields are untilled because there is no draft power nor equipment. Since large estates had been a primary source of food for the cities, food shortages have struck throughout the zone. The Russian zone has less than one-third the prewar number of draft horses on farms, and next to none of the 60,000 tractors it used to have.

Farmers are assigned delivery quotas and are paid prices fixed at the level of earlier years. Beyond the quota, farmers may sell in the "free market" at any price. Quotas now are so high that few farmers have anything to sell. Items that can be sold are swapped for secondhand consumer goods, not sold, even at today's fantastic black-market prices.

Farmers are organized in a uniform system of so-called cooperative associations. These co-ops turn out to be corporations of public law with a monopoly to supply things farmers need. Any politically undesirable elements may be excluded. If a farmer is excluded, that means the end of farming for him. Because "co-ops" have taken the place of dealers, no dealer can receive supplies. Cooperative associations are politically controlled by top German administrators who happen to be trusted communists.

Agriculture, along with the other branches of the economic system, is ruled by a Russian-controlled central administration. During the last 12 months the Red army evicted 9 million Germans from the areas provisionally



transferred to Polish administration. Simultaneously, those areas were stripped clean of any movable assets. This procedure has reduced food production by one-fourth in a time of starvation, and has dumped millions into the zones of occupation.

The Red army has fostered monetary inflation as a means of accomplishing the social revolution. When it entered Germany, the Red army received two years' back pay in German occupation marks. The Russians printed additional money, on plates which our government gave them at their request. On top of this came vast sums of regular German banknotes seized in the banks. As long as people were still parting with goods for money, this avalanche served the purpose of prying loose additional goods from German civilians. This sort of inflation eats the marrow out of the bones of any society. All those who own anything get stripped of it.

The food supply is lower than the rations announced, and it varies greatly from county to county and city to city. In many communities the official rations of fats and meats have not been met for two months. Tuberculosis, dysentery, and typhoid fever are rampant. Infant mortality in hundreds of communities has risen 20% to 30%. Unemployment and misery are too common to impress administrators.

German newspapers are being revived, but in the Russian zone are strictly controlled. Theaters and concert halls are given priorities for supplies and reconstruction. Half the plays

and films are pro-Soviet propaganda. Scientists are treated with great courtesy, and either assisted in their work in Germany, or invited and furnished transportation to Moscow. The Russians treat their German administrators and experts with respect as equals, supply them with good rations and that very important item, cigarettes. Politically, the one-party system is solidly established.

Thus, the area is so well under Soviet control that Russia could even offer soon to withdraw her troops to the Oder river. After having carried out her stripping policy, she can champion re-industrialization of Germany.

The Russian zone has become substantially sovietized in one year and has thus passed into the initial stage of "democracy" as understood in Russia.

In appraising the amazing success of the Russians, we must remember the substantial assets they had. Russia never bombed German cities. They actively supported the German Underground and even accepted the aristocratic leaders of the Free German movement, and now pay its general officers the high compliment of employing them as instructors in their military academy in Moscow, while we have rejected any cooperation.

German economy in the Russian zone is now probably in as bad condition as it will ever be, and from now on can only improve. But deterioration of German economy in the western zones will continue, just as long as the area remains separated. The contrast

will not go unnoticed by civilians ruled under the respective systems.

The greatest asset the Red army has, however, is something else. The Red army executes a clear-cut policy and that policy cannot be criticized by anybody in Russia. The American army leaders operate under a double handicap. 1. Our foreign policy has been hazy and undetermined both as to Soviet Russia and the future of Germany. 2. Certain public commentators have been so preoccupied with voicing a desire to destroy Germany once and forever, as well as to appease Russia, that our military government in Germany is severely criticized at every turn. This criticism inhibits our military leaders in coping with the Russian tactics.

Small, ephemeral matters are often more revealing than big moves. For instance, why are our MP's armed with revolvers and the Russians with sub-machine guns? Why are all Americans prohibited from carrying small arms, while Russians may walk unmolested in our sector of Berlin armed with pistols? Why for a whole year now have we endured a thousand petty annoyances on our military trains and on the highway between Berlin and our zones? Why have 12,000 acres of the best land in the American zone, situated along the Russian border, been abandoned because of Russian raids and killings? Why do we stand for wires being tapped, and airplanes being shot at when they deviate from the narrow airstrip above the military highway?

Our military government puts up

with all of this because it has no assurance of support at home if it were to resort to any practical measures. If General Clay had stopped the raids on farms along the Coburg area by having teller-mined the border, you may be certain that some of our pro-Russian editors would have accused him of starting war.

Our present predicament is the result of a ten-year prewar period in which we chose to ignore accumulating dangers. We were caught napping, and came close to the brink of disaster. When the Russians were near collapse, and were considering a separate peace with the nazis, our President and the Prime Minister of Great Britain rushed to Teheran, and not only committed us to gigantic deliveries of war supplies, but also to the present division of Germany. In their most critical hour, the Russians were tougher and more farsighted than we. They realized that their military weakness was their political strength. They demanded vast military supplies and enormous political concessions. We were out simply to destroy an aggressor. The Russians were out to conquer, then convert, and finally win Germany. If, in the last few months, we have reluctantly awakened, we owe this largely to the brutal frankness and amazing pace with which Russians pursue their interests.

The decision as to whether there will be peace or war between the U. S. and Soviet Russia will ultimately mature on the ruins of the German cities. We cannot wrest the initiative by

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"I have just returned from overseas and have my first suit of civvies on. I vowed that one of my first duties on returning to the States would be to drop you a line thanking you for the splendid articles in the CATHOLIC DIGEST. They were one of my biggest morale builders when the going was tough!"—L. A. deB., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

"I am a Protestant but find the CATHOLIC DIGEST contains the finest articles I have read."—Mrs. L. R. K., Mont.

"The DIGEST has been a source of great inspiration to me; has given me a Christian slant on current events; and has helped me in practical ways in church club work. Since I work during the day, I am a bit weary in the evening to do too much reading; but I always read the CATHOLIC DIGEST thoroughly, cutting out my favorite articles, and filing them under general topics."—M. B., Avon, Conn.

"I more than enjoy your CATHOLIC DIGEST. The more this book is 'spread around' the better this world will be to live in. I try to do my share in spreading its ideas."—Mrs. W. E. L., Tacoma, Wash.

"Too often Catholics remain silent because of their ignorance or, even worse, accept the false statements of the daily press. We keep every copy of the CATHOLIC DIGEST. The children use it as a reference. Every Catholic home should have the DIGEST—it's a pity that some Catholic organization does not take up the work of spreading its sale."—Mr. F. U., Windsor, Ont.

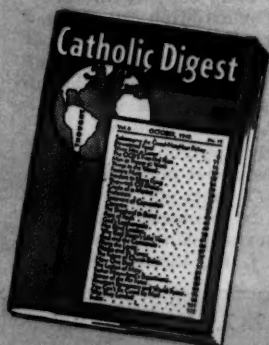
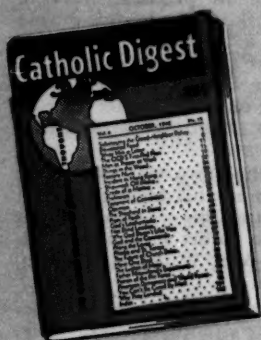
"I particularly applaud the progressively progressive social policy as reflected in the DIGEST's pages and the obvious repudiation of the principle that giving 'both sides' means printing anti-labor articles."—Rev. J. H., Victoria, Kan.

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*Catholic Digest*

blaming the Russians for our disappointments, or by trying to force them by legalistic arguments to fulfill vague, unworkable agreements. The initiative will be ours only if we form a constructive policy which has the solid support of the majority of the United Nations. Since the Russians consider the Potsdam agreement unworkable and null and void, and since the negative policy of those agreements has already broken down, we, too, should abandon it as a basis of procedure.

In sizing up the Russians, let me say this: as individuals, the Russians have all the traits that other people have. We have no quarrel with them. Many are amiable, gifted, civilized persons. As a nation, they have become World Problem No. 1 because of their totalitarian regime of state capitalism, which ignores the welfare of the individual and grasps for power and world domination.

As a modern power, the Russians today are the most overrated people in the world. We underrate the shrewdness of their diplomats and their tricky

19th-century methods, but as a modern power, they have neither the military nor effective economic potential that would place them in that rank, and they know it. Their army had the men in the 2nd World War, but not the industrial equipment, to survive. We gave it to them. It may be that in another 10 years of dire privation the 170 million Russian people will become a first-rate power. It may be that in another 10 years their fellow travelers in various countries can weaken their home governments and national defenses sufficiently to give the Soviet rulers a free hand in the establishment of world government, Soviet style.

But today this is not so. Today we, who by great sacrifices have saved them from military disaster, must see to it that they come to terms with us. We must abandon our fears about a future war, make up our minds about what we want, say so, and go after it like hard Yankee traders. Otherwise, we will get into war by gradually sliding into it on the slippery downgrade of appeasement.



## When the War Drum Throbs No Longer

The Catholic Church alone is capable of appreciating and taking over whatever is good in the communist doctrine. I see a livelier vision than that of universal war or the universal triumph of totalitarianism. I see a possibility which would make Lenin turn in his shrine and which would turn the imperial policy of Stalin to ashes. For who knows but that a century from now, our civilization will be a series of workers' and peasants' soviets, an international classless society—in which everybody goes to Mass?

Andrew Forbes in the *Catholic Times* (12 July '46).

## SIGN LANGUAGE AND A PRIEST



By FRANK SCULLY and NORMAN SPER

**I**F YOU ARE ever in Hollywood on the 4th Sunday of the month, go to Blessed Sacrament church on Sunset Blvd. and see one of the strangest sights of your life. If it happens to be the 11th Sunday after Pentecost, you will be doubly rewarded.

You will find a priest delivering a homily on the Gospel of the Sunday about the people of Decapolis who brought a deaf-mute to Christ and asked our Lord to cure the unfortunate youth by laying hands on him. The priest is telling how Christ touched the deaf-mute's ears, His own lips, and then the youth's, saying, "*Ephpheta*" (Be thou opened). His ears were opened and the bond of his tongue loosed.

As the sermon progresses you will notice the astonishing number of gestures used by the priest. He is talking to a congregation of 3,000, half of whom are deaf-mutes. The rest are his regular Hollywood parishioners. There are plenty of pauses for his hands in all this double talk; sign language is so efficient that users of it can say in ten minutes what oral language takes an hour to say. It was the first shorthand.

The priest's name is John H. Cummiskey, S.J., and today he directs

the activities of about 4,000 deaf-mutes around Los Angeles. He started this work in St. Louis in 1914, and before coming to Hollywood was associated for 13 years with the California State School for the Deaf, an adjunct of the University of California. He has been working with deaf-mutes for 32 years and is probably known to more of them all over the world than anybody not handicapped like themselves. His sermons for the deaf-mutes are the high points of his work.

As a young seminarian in St. Louis he once went to the Odeon theater and saw a deaf-mute performance going on in pantomime. It was the first time he had ever seen sign language, and it fascinated him. At one side he observed a girl who was not participating. He then learned that she was not only a deaf-mute but, like Helen Keller, blind as well. She touched his heart even more than the others.

He returned to school the next day and made arrangements to spend an hour and a half every day, after his day's classes, at the University of St. Louis. At first he had to learn *Abbé L'Epée's* sign language. The deaf-mutes were his teachers. When he knew about 50 signs he would go into

the garden of the St. Joseph School for the Deaf and converse with the children. They were highly amused at his mistakes, but after two years he learned the language well enough to teach it.

He found the language terse, poetic, and efficient. One finger pointed to the sky meant God. The distinction between male and female was equally clear. If the sign was made above the cheek, that is, from the eye to the top of the forehead, it would indicate a man was being discussed. If the sign was at the side of his mouth, that meant a woman. The word *cousin*, for instance, is clearly a girl or a boy by whether the fingers are placed near eye or mouth. He discovered deaf-mutes could shout by making their signs more exaggerated or grow careless in speech and say *ain't* instead of *isn't* by being sloppy in their gestures.

When he felt he had mastered the language he began on the deaf-mute girl who was also blind. He taught her by touching her palms and spelling out the words against her hand. It was long, hard work but he succeeded. He even prepared her for her First Communion. When he came to visit her each afternoon he would touch her cheek with the fringe of his cassock sash. Her face would light up with a smile as she recognized that it was now time for the day's lesson.

After ordination, he spent three hours a day with the deaf-mutes instead of an hour and a half. Half an hour of his time he devoted each day to his poor little deaf-mute girl who

was blind. Her name was Florence Wiesenberg.

He discovered that a teacher of deaf-mutes has to be practically the man on the flying trapeze to hold their attention. Hands are flying all over the place and to hold his own a teacher has to be really eloquent with his gesticulations. But he held their attention enough to teach them even to "sing" the *Star Spangled Banner* and to "sing" it in unison with natural voices. All they had to do was to follow his signs and "listen" to the vibration of the floor for the music.

Though it was a little blind girl who could not speak nor hear who tied his heart to this work for life, Father McCummiskey hadn't had his heart really wrung dry until he visited Molokai, leper colony in the South Pacific. He asked Father Peter, one of Father Damien's successors who care for the 400 lepers on the island, if there were any deaf-mutes he might talk to.

There was one and Father Peter was delighted to have somebody to talk to him. "He hasn't had a soul to talk to in three years," explained the resident priest.

When he and the leper met, Father McCummiskey faced a sight that time has never erased. He found a deaf-mute whose fingers had been so eaten away he could not answer, except with his shining eyes. He spent the whole day with him, doing all the talking. He told the leper of all that had been going on in the outside world. The sign language is so universal that the Polynesian understood every word of

it. He smiled and nodded and smiled again.

When it was time for Father McCummiskey to go, he gave the leper his blessing, told him he would pray for him, and soon meet him again in paradise. It was his saddest experience among those handicapped children of the earth.

Being normally so dexterous with their hands, deaf-mutes are proficient in sculpture. There is a very fine marble statue outside the California State School for the Deaf, executed by a deaf-mute.

In ordinary tasks where hearing is not essential they are the most efficient workers in the world. The Statler hotel in St. Louis, on Father McCummiskey's suggestion, hired a deaf-mute as an experiment. He worked out so well they hired another. In time they had 28 working around the hotel, and guests said it was the quietest, most efficient hotel in the Statler string. In St. Louis, not only was the customer always right; he wasn't even *told* he was always right.

You may think they might work out only in menial tasks and would lack executive ability, but a deaf-mute newsboy "owns" the corner of Hollywood and Vine, one of the richest intersections in the world. In fact, he "owns" all four corners, clears \$150 a week for himself, and hires four talking newsboys to hawk his wares.

People call him Dummy, just as they called the old Giant pitcher Dummy Taylor, but he will tell you in sign language that he and his wife

are deaf but it's the rest of the world that's dumb. "So that makes it 50-50," he says with a laugh in sign language.

Although dreadfully handicapped, since about 60% of all we know comes through our ears, being called "deaf and dumb" is about the only thing deaf-mutes resent. Even those whose hearing has not been affected till they have reached maturity fall behind in their speech through not hearing the sound, music, and rhythm of speech. They, too, in time become mute as well as deaf.

Few babies are born deaf-mutes and there is no record among the known 100,000 deaf-mutes in America of deaf-mutes giving birth to a deaf-mute. Nearly all of them have normal children. Most adult deaf-mutes have been stricken deaf in childhood as the aftermath of some children's disease. Not hearing any sounds thereafter, they cannot reproduce them. In time their vocal chords atrophy and only harsh guttural sounds come forth.

Thus they fall so far behind other children in school as to be considered mentally defective. They are no more defective than a normal child of three who can't read Latin is defective. Give them training and they will learn to talk more beautifully with their hands and lips than most persons do with their tongues.

There are three major methods of teaching deaf-mutes to "talk." First is the manual method, consisting of sign language. Second is the oral method, consisting of speech and lip-reading. Third is the combined method, con-



sisting of both sign and oral language.

Though Father McCummiskey uses the first, he agrees with most educators that the third is best. The second, he believes, prevents deaf-mutes from talking with their own kind, for whom they have a fierce affection. It does not do much good to have them make certain sounds to persons who can hear, sounds which mean nothing to persons like themselves, who can't.

The doom of the deaf was accepted till *Abbé L'Epée* came along, and in 1730 originated a beautiful language to be spoken with the fingers and ges-

tures. The *abbé* made the language so simple and universal that it is now possible for deaf-mutes to converse with those similarly handicapped anywhere in the world.

Indeed, Esperanto having failed as a secondary language, it might be well, argues Father McCummiskey, for the United Nations to take up *Abbé L'Epée's* sign language. At least conversation carried out in sign language would not interfere with other speakers, and delegates could arrive at understandings on the floor without perpetually calling adjournments.

One who listened

## Dionysius the Areopagite

By J. P. De FONSEKA

Condensed from

the *Ceylon Catholic Messenger*\*

ALL THAT IS known of my good friend Dionysius the Areopagite is in a part of a sentence which is the last verse of the 17th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

After saying that Paul went out from among the Athenians, the record sets down this more pleasing circumstance, "But certain men adhering to him, did believe; among whom was also Dionysius, the Areopagite, and a

\*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, March, 1939, p. 68.

woman named Damaris, and others with them." No more is said there of my Areopagite. But I must say more of him, for I have liked him.

I know I can always depend on him for an honorable man, member of an honorable body; the tag "Areopagite," which will always attach to his name, will be an unfailing token of my friend's dignity and his people's esteem for him.

A seat on the Hill of Ares was the

\*Colombo, Ceylon, July 14, 1946.

limit of an Athenian's prestige even in those days of the city's dying glory. To be numbered in the assembly was to have been an *archon* without reproach; and the rule had become that once an Areopagite, an Athenian worthy was always an Areopagite.

Friend Dionysius, I know, was cast by nature for the part of a principal citizen. If I promenaded with him of an evening in the politer parts of the *polis*, I would not have been surprised at the bowing and being bowed to which my friend and I should have to get through on our little jaunt. You cannot be a life member of the Assembly of the Hills of Ares without receiving and giving elaborate courtesies.

In the days of Dionysius the Romans had entered the city of Pallas; their cosmopolitan following had come to stay; Jews also had arrived and settled down to profitable trade; foreigners were plentiful as blackberries; in the *agora* was a daily medley of the races and nations of the world.

But rhetoricians and philosophers, the quacks of all sorts, dreamers, loony poets, orators, still held forth at the market place, and idlers flocked to the audience from the city's four corners.

Gods also there were in plenty, deities and apotheoses set up in the public squares, the old native gods cheek by jowl with foreigners and newcomers. The satirist Petronius left on record the malicious pleasantry that it was easier to meet a god in Athens than a man.

To leave no god without justice done him, the city set up altars to the

known gods as well as those unknown. The unknown were all bundled into the votive offering of one altar. "To the Unknown God," the inscription read.

Did my friend Dionysius make his reverence at this altar also? He probably did.

For myself, I should prefer meeting friend Dionysius to meeting any of the gods. Zeus, for all his Phidian chryselephantine glory, was at the end of his tether, whereas Dionysius, my friend, had been marked out as the beginning of a new thing.

Curiously enough, back in Dionysius' time the Athenian daily task had boiled down to telling or hearing some new thing. Athenians and strangers alike employed themselves in nothing else. "What's the latest?" they asked each other.

Dionysius had his own share of this appetite for new things. But he would cultivate and satisfy it on a higher level than the others. When the Athenians said ever so politely to Paul upon taking him to the Areopagus, "May we know what this new doctrine is, which thou speakest of? For thou bringest in certain new things to our ears. We would know therefore what these things mean," my Areopagite certainly felt that way, too.

It may have been, for all I know, my friend the Areopagite who actually brought Paul to the Areopagus. And Paul, launching out into Greek oratory, swooped upon their altar to the unknown god and made Him known.

He had news of this God: He had

been incarnated and had died and risen from the dead and would come to earth again to judge all mankind. Faith in this God was open to all and was also the guarantee and sole condition of the salvation of all.

In the course of his address, Paul secured some little support by quoting from two of their own minor Greek poets, Aratus and Cleanthes, to prove that it was possible to know this one God.

The scholars report that when Paul referred to resurrection from the dead under the Greek term *anastasis*, the listeners thought some new goddess of the name Anastasis was being introduced. The prospect of such a new addition to their pantheon was intriguing and not unwelcome. But the promise of the fair goddess evaporated soon enough and Paul was understood in the right meaning of his difficult word. Followers of the two ruling philosophies, Stoics and Epicureans, could make nothing of resurrection when their materialism taught them that the grave ended all. Some took to mockery and others to a polite offer to hear Paul on the subject again.

Some of the authorities make the

delightful conjecture that the woman named Damaris was the wife of my friend Dionysius. It would be splendid if this could be taken for certain. But let this gracious and noble-minded lady and the others make their happy exit. Let my friend the Areopagite take the final curtain alone.

In him Paul met the Greek philosophies; in him the Greek philosophies were confronted with Christ. The Socrateses and Platos and Aristotles had quested for the truth, hungered for beauty, and thrust out their hands to grapple with *summum bonum*.

For this hour they had all striven, and the last of the Greeks, my friend Dionysius, stood face to face with Christ through Paul's good news of the Incarnation, Redemption, and Ascension, all which were still matters of recent history and had eyewitnesses testifying to the truth of them with their lives.

My friend was not among those who called Paul a word sower or prater. He, for one, knew that the first and last end of the boasted intellect of Greece was to know God, and he paid this debt of the intellect of his people by coming to know the God of Paul.



### The Boiled Rosary

The priest had prepared a very old lady for Communion in her home. He noticed a pan of water boiling on a stove next to the bed, and saw a rosary on the bottom. There was a string tying it to a post of the bed. After a few moments of consideration he asked the old lady why she boiled the rosary. "Well, Father, all feeling has gone out of my fingers; I have to have the beads real hot in order to count them. This way I can pray most of the day."

*Perpetual Help* quoted in the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament* (Sept. '46).

## *Leaven in the* **UNIONS**

By ARTHUR JUNTUNEN

Condensed from the

*St. Anthony Messenger\**

**H**E HAD SEEN it come to others during the big depression, but to young Paul Weber, the former Dubuque, Iowa, newspaper reporter, the thought of losing his job had always seemed like a nightmare, and he seldom even dreamed. Yet here he was, blinking dazedly back at the old *Detroit Mirror*, the breadbox that had just folded beneath him.

"They can't do this to me. There ought to be a union!"

He gulped when he said it, for those were strange, terrifying words to come from a newspaperman who had "kept his nose clean" and accepted the thesis of editors and publishers that "you can't organize brains." It was strange, too, on the lips of a Catholic-college-trained boy who, up to that time, had shared the vague prejudices then existing in Catholic circles against the "Reds" who walked picket lines. But there, in the midst of the historic 1931 turmoil, was born a leader who has helped better the lives of all newspapermen, and an idea that has given Catholic workers a specific place in labor.



Today, at 38, Paul Weber is spark plug of the fast-growing Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. When he isn't helping ACTU members chart a wise labor course on Christian principles, he is busy executive-secretarying the strong Detroit Newspaper guild, which he helped foster and wean. And when he isn't talking pay boosts with publishers, he is banging out copy, in an office in Detroit's Fine Arts building, for ACTU's up-and-coming labor tabloid, the *Wage Earner*.

All this started because Weber and 370 other newspapermen lost their jobs when the old *Mirror* went under. Down but not out, Weber bobbed up next as Detroit manager of International News Service, then as assistant city editor on Hearst's *Detroit Times*.

But the old economic wounds still ached, and a gremlin perched on his shoulder kept telling him that newsmen should be able to call their souls their own, that pay should be more

\*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, 10, Ohio. September, 1946.

in cash than in bylines, and that it could happen again. One day the great encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno* of Pope Pius XI came over the wires. Weber discovered what Catholic scholars had long known but Catholic workers had long tended to overlook, that unionism was not out of bounds for Catholics, but something the popes recommended.

Shortly before, the NRA with its Section 7-A had guaranteed all Americans, for the first time, the right to organize in unions of their own choosing. Weber joined the infant Detroit Newspaper guild with zest, saw it rise, fall, and rise again. He fought for higher wages, better conditions, and against subversive influences. But if he was dismayed by the radical factions within the guild, he was equally disturbed over what Catholics weren't doing about labor. He saw that Catholic ideas about labor could not be applied to the burgeoning labor movement in the U. S. without organized effort.

In *Quadragesimo Anno* he read the instructions of Pope Pius XI to Catholics who join secular unions, "There must always be, side by side with these unions, associations which give to their members a thorough moral and religious training. . ." Many Catholics stopped reading there. But Weber calls attention to the words that follow this famous quotation, "that these (trained Catholic members) may impart to the unions to which they belong that upright spirit which should direct their every action."

Weber says, "The old idea was to

keep our people apart, so that they wouldn't be contaminated by contact with the secular groups. Unfortunately, it is in the big secular groups, the labor, veteran, farm, and business organizations, right down to neighborhood clubs, that public opinion is formed. Too often the effect of 'separatism' was not to maintain the purity of Catholic thought, but to isolate it from any opportunity to penetrate and change secular thought. The talent which should have carried Catholic ideas into the secular world was drained off into Catholic 'separatist' organizations, where it remained dormant."

Weber points, for example, to the phenomenon of Catholic women's organizations vigorously endorsing papal policies, while big secular women's clubs, lacking Catholic leadership, take opposite positions. He wonders where the huge bloc of Catholic war veterans was when the American Legion last year went directly contrary to the advice of the American bishops and endorsed a peacetime conscription law.

Taking his slogan from the Gospel parable of the leaven, Weber compares the ACTU to a bit of yeast in the dough of organized labor.

"The function of the yeast," he says, "is to activize the dough. The yeast must never attempt to be the bread. It must never try to stand on its own. It is a permeating, activizing agency."

"Wherever Catholics hold membership in secular organizations, they should be active in an organized manner, to impart that upright spirit which is the legacy of Catholicism."



Weber helped talk the "yeast business" up until, one night in 1936, a handful of labor-minded Catholics met in the tumbledown Catholic Worker house on Detroit's 4th Ave. and laid the figurative cornerstone for ACTU. Tom Doherty, Chrysler UAW (CIO) local recording secretary, was there, and so was the late Paul St. Marie, who became first president of UAW's great Ford local. In 1939, the infant group got the blessing of Edward Cardinal Mooney (then Archbishop). Since that time the ACTU has grown slowly but firmly. The original New York chapter, and the vital Detroit chapter, are sending out their message to every industrial center in the land.

The ACTU is "an association of Catholic workers dedicated to advancement of Christian principles in social life through labor organization." That's on the ACTU letterhead; the constitution states further, "The purpose of the ACTU shall be to foster sound trade unionism along Christian lines, so that the labor movement may be effective toward the establishment of a Christian social order as set forth in the papal encyclicals."

ACTU itself is not a union, of course. In fact, it is not even a group of unions, but merely an organization of Catholics who want to stand on their own feet. If you are a Catholic and a member of a bona fide (not company) union, you can join. You undergo a basic-training course of eight lectures, then go out into your own labor field to think things out for yourself and vote as you please.

"The duty of a good ACTU member is to be a good member of his own union," Weber says.

He denies that the ACTU is a "Catholic caucus" or that it engages in any "outside" interference with the internal affairs of unions. "We are not an 'outside' organization, like the communist party or the Socialist party," he says. "We are strictly an 'inside' organization. If the labor unions ceased to exist tomorrow, 'outside' organizations would go on, but the ACTU would cease to exist, because in the absence of unions there could be no association of Catholic union members.

"We prohibit discussion of the private affairs of any union in mixed meetings. We regard such discussion as a breach of the confidence reposed in every member by his own union.

"The ACTU has no 'party line' in the sense of a set of policies imposed upon the union member from outside his union. It has no 'discipline' in the sense of a required adherence to policies set outside the union. We do have policies, which are set in democratic fashion, and recommended to, not imposed upon, the membership. Policies which affect all labor, such issues as the wartime no-strike pledge, or the treatment of racial minorities, are set in general meetings of all our members. But policies affecting individual unions or groups of unions are established at meetings of our members in those unions only.

"Any policy set by an ACTU group must be directly related to advancement of Catholic teaching. Questions

having no direct moral content are outside our field.

"If we believe that a political question in a union has a direct bearing on advancement of Catholic teaching, we may adopt a policy for or against a candidate for union office. This usually happens only where a local has a communist problem. If we see no direct moral bearing, the ACTU as such is not concerned with union politics. This results in frequent spectacles of ACTU groups splitting in all directions in a union election, which, of course, is utterly baffling to our critics, especially since it seldom has any effect upon our solidarity when a real issue appears."

One thing the ACTU guards against with extra vigilance, says Weber, is any tendency to support Catholics for union leadership because they are Catholics. Several prominent Catholic leaders in Detroit unions are ex-members, he says, because they expected the ACTU to back them for union office against qualified non-Catholics. When the support was refused, they quit.

At the same time, he explains, ACTU's members naturally gravitate to important positions in their unions. This happens because they work hard and unselfishly, accept responsibility, and consider any task done for the union as a "corporate and spiritual work of mercy."

In Detroit, where almost everything happens first, the ACTU is continually engaged in meetings. Every year a general convention is held and general policies are laid down. Between times

an executive board attends to administrative details, and the work of advancing Catholic social principles goes on through local union and federation groups.

Weber feels that ACTU is "only coincidentally anti-communist" because coincidentally the emergency of the communist tide in labor inspired ACTU's organization. "If there never were any communists there would still be a positive Catholic teaching on labor, and there would still be an ACTU," he explains.

The wartime no-strike pledge is a natural example of what ACTU does and how it operates.

"Our position in that case was a simple one founded upon ancient moral principles," Weber says. "We based it on the principle that a strike is just if it conforms to these requirements: 1. That all peaceful means must have been exhausted; 2. That there is reasonable prospect of success; 3. That grievances must be serious; 4. That incidental harm to innocent third parties must not be so great as to outweigh the good of the strike."

As a result of this reasoning, the ACTU upheld the no-strike pledge but approved some war-plant strikes which met the test.

The leaven principle is followed by the ACTU's weekly. The *Wage Earner* has prospered on the basis of "news for all who work for a living." It is still growing, already having subscribers in 30 states. It is not a paper for Catholics only; it is a paper for all working people, says Weber. It is not

a "house organ." It seldom mentions the ACTU except when a news story involves the organization. It prints stories about the Pope's pronouncements only when they are news for labor readers. Strictly religious news

it leaves to the diocesan publications.

Many of the *Wage Earner's* subscribers are opponents of the ACTU, and severe critics of the paper's editorial policy. Among those is Tass, the official Soviet news agency.



## Answers to "Ecclesiastical Vocabulary"

(Page 41)

1. Names of two cities in France where the Bible was translated into English during the Reformation in England; hence, the English version of the Bible made at that time.
2. Vessel used for public exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.
3. Ornamental cross embroidered on front and back of a chasuble.
4. Priest chosen by the bishop to conduct the official business of the diocese.
5. Head of a Religious house or college for men; priest in charge of a cathedral parish.
6. Deputy of a bishop in discharge of his jurisdictional duties.
7. Proclamation of an intended marriage, to bring to light any impediment to the marriage.
8. Full-length mantle used at the *Asperges*, other solemn blessings, and Benediction.
9. Large cross or crucifix, usually on a beam over the sanctuary entrance.
10. Object esteemed or venerated because of its relationship to a saint or other sacred person or thing.
11. Devotion practiced usually during Lent: series of 14 meditations on the passion of Christ as He made His way toward Calvary.
12. Ecclesiastical dignity next in rank to the Pope. In the Western Church the rank is merely titular, since the Pope is really the patriarch of the West.
13. Choir members of monastery or seminary who sing the more difficult parts of the Mass; hence, in general, a choir.
14. The part of the church, room, or separate building which contains the baptismal font.
15. A monk's hood, usually attached to his habit.
16. If you can't answer this, you had better get one.
17. Bell tower, usually near a church.
18. The *Gloria* of the Mass.
19. Book of readings for Matins; the book of Epistles and Gospels used at Mass.
20. Nine days of prayers and devotions.



## The Pope's War Record

By THOMAS McDERMOTT

Condensed chapter of a book\*

**H**IS FAMILY name contains the Italian word for peace, *Pacelli*, his every speech as nuncio and cardinal argued for peace, his coat of arms pleads for peace, yet Pius XII was a wartime Pope.

Political neutrality but moral belligerency is the traditional policy of the Church in time of war. Since the Church is not a political institution but a spiritual one whose mission is to obtain the eternal salvation of all men, the Church cannot ally herself with or against any nation. Nor may she seek by diplomacy, propaganda, or other means the victory of one side and the defeat of the other. History and wisdom dictate a policy of absolute neutrality. In centuries past, the Church, largely because of circumstances, did "take sides" in disputes among nations, and at the price of internal corruption and lost prestige learned that politics is a hellish captivity. In any case, intervention by the Church would be futile, because the Catholics of the enemy nation would copy the reply of the Irish, "Religion

from Rome, but politics from Dublin," and would begin novenas that the Pope be liberated from his wicked allies.

Moral belligerency, however, is the right and the duty of the Church in time of war. She must tell the nations of the world what Christian morality permits and forbids in the prosecution of war; she must condemn crimes against justice and charity done in the name of national defense; and she must ease the sufferings of war's victims. The Church, although neutral as to the political aspects of war, is forcefully belligerent as to its moral aspects, and in that restricted sense may be said to favor or to oppose a particular side.

However, the Church of a nation justly at war, because of its patriotic obligations, cannot remain politically neutral. But what ought to be the position and attitude of the Church of an aggressor nation? To this there is no precise answer, only a halting explanation. The Church of an aggressor nation has the right (but not the absolute duty) to forbid Catholics to aid the

\**Keeper of the Keys*. 1946. Bruce Publishing Co., 540 N. Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, I, Wis. 267 pp. \$2.50.

war effort in any way. Such a prohibition, however, would be both foolish and useless, because those who obeyed would be shot for treason while the majority would disobey in the face of threats and propaganda. The individual citizen can take part in an unjust war without incurring personal guilt; for, since he cannot know all the facts and the motives of both sides, he may substitute for his own the judgment of his government that the war is just. Therefore, the Church of that nation wisely refrains from increasing the moral difficulties of her people by a decision as to the justice of the particular war, a decision which in fact she herself, because of lack of knowledge, may not be able to make with complete correctness. In the prosecution of a war, just or unjust, the Church of any belligerent nation has the right to condemn immoral actions and to demand adherence to Christian principles. Human prudence and the limits of the possible require that this right be exercised with sane regard to the difficulties of the nation and of the Church herself. The American bishops could have publicly condemned saturation bombing of German cities, for it was wrong; but they prudently protested only by private memorandum to the government.

On the eve of the 2nd World War the international position of the Vatican was dangerous and difficult. The anti-Semitic decrees enacted by Mussolini in 1938 were causing bitter conflicts between Italy and the Holy See. Pius XI had condemned the decrees as

heretical, and had encouraged the Catholic Action societies to resist them. The fascist press replied with a smear campaign and fascist thugs with beatings and burnings. Hitler's vile persecution of the Catholics in Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia was prefacing the atrocities of Belsen and Buchenwald. German Catholics were among the first to suffer and die, in Dachau and Mülhausen, for their opposition to nazism. Because the Vatican was organizing and stiffening the Catholic resistance, the nazis had labeled it "an enemy to be destroyed." Between the Rome-Berlin axis and Vatican City stood a stone wall built in the 9th century, and 500 guards armed with swords and rifles.

Pius XII ascended the throne of the popes as war was becoming imminent. Hitler had seized Austria and the Sudetenland, and was carefully "casing" Czechoslovakia and Poland. Mussolini had stolen Ethiopia, and now sought parts of France and all of Albania. England and France were hurriedly rearming, having discovered to their surprise that aggression, like appetite, grows with feeding, a lesson that they seem now to be learning again with Russia as teacher. Although persuaded that war was more likely than not, the new Holy Father began at once to fight for peace.

On July 24, Pius XII moved to Castel Gandolfo, the papal summer residence some 30 miles north of Rome in the Alban hills. With troops marching to frontiers, warships taking up positions, civilians receiving gas masks,



Europe was all but at war; Stalin allied himself with Hitler Aug. 23, and Germany was free to "deal" with Poland.

When all hope of peace was gone, Pius XII took up the sad burden of comforting the sorrowful and assisting the persecuted. Poland soon collapsed.

Pius XII's condemnation of Hitler's crime against Poland was made even more explicit in his first encyclical, *Summi Pontificatus*, issued Oct. 27, 1939. "The blood of countless human beings," he declared, "even noncombatants, raises a piteous dirge over a nation such as our dear Poland which, for its fidelity to the Church, for its services in the defense of Christian civilization, written in indelible characters in the annals of history, has a right to the generous and brotherly sympathy of the whole world, while it awaits, relying on the powerful intercession of Mary, Help of Christians, the hour of a resurrection in harmony with the principles of justice and true peace." Spurning nazi objections, the Vatican extended diplomatic recognition to the Polish government-in-exile first at Paris and later at London. When in January, 1940, the Vatican radio broadcast a detailed account of nazi savagery against the Polish people, Diego von Bergen, Hitler's ambassador to the Holy See, protested to Cardinal Maglione. The answer was a curt suggestion that conditions be remedied.

On June 10, 1940, Italy declared war on France and England. Vatican City took necessary steps to protect its resi-

dents and preserve its neutrality. Gas masks were distributed and air-raid shelters constructed. A special three-room shelter, electrically heated and connected by an elevator with the papal apartments, was built for Pius XII, but he refused to use it. Whenever the siren sounded, the Holy Father turned to the cross on his desk and began the prayers for the dying. At the Pope's request, Great Britain and France agreed not to bomb Rome, but the alleged necessities of war eventually set aside that promise. A total blackout, beginning at 6:30 P.M. and continuing until dawn, was rigorously enforced.

Because only *L'Osservatore Romano* in Italy was presenting a complete and unbiased picture of international events, its circulation jumped from about 25,000 in prewar days to over 150,000 in early 1940. The people of Rome and other cities in which it was sold snatched every copy eagerly to find the truth, which the fascist press sought to kill with lies and propaganda. This was not to the liking of Mussolini; he needed a misinformed people if his insane scheme was to succeed. Therefore, buyers and sellers of *L'Osservatore Romano* were beaten, and their copies burned by fascist thugs. The Holy Father, thereupon, banned distribution of the paper outside Vatican City, and after the entry of Italy into the war, he restricted its columns to ecclesiastical news. *L'Osservatore Romano* has now resumed comment on international events, and again is one of Europe's most authoritative dailies.

The spread of the war was cause for Pius XII to increase his charity to the persecuted and desolate. Until the nazis expelled his representatives and relief missions, he fed and clothed the Catholics and non-Catholics of Belgium and Holland, Denmark and Norway. The French of both occupied and unoccupied zones received generously of papal charity. Money for food and clothing was sent to the refugee Rumanians fleeing the Russian annexation of Bessarabia and Bukovina. Nor were the Jews, the most pitiable of Hitler's victims, forgotten. The New York Times, Oct. 10, 1945, reported, "The Hadassah Society of America has cabled \$10,000 to Pope Pius XII in grateful recognition of his charity to the Jews of Europe during the war."

It has been said, in ignorance or malice, that the Holy See, terrified by the nazi victories, favored the Axis during the early years of the war. Voluminous evidence to the contrary might be introduced, and the accusers still not be convinced, for prejudice, like death, is not open to argument. These sentences, however, broadcast by the Vatican radio in the fall of 1940, when Hitler and Mussolini were at the zenith of their power, should be of some weight, "Those who allege that they will be able to create a new order [then the nazi boast] in the world are prefacing the destruction of the people whom they allegedly wish to make happy. It is a world order as dry as the desert and is being achieved by the exploitation of human life. What these false benefactors call life is death."

The dawn of June 23 broke to the thunder of German artillery on the Russian front. The thieves had fallen out and were now at each other's throats. Because of the Church's implacable opposition to communism, Mussolini and Hitler believed that the Vatican could be persuaded or forced into proclaiming the Axis war against Russia a crusade and into summoning all Christian nations to their aid. The Italian ambassador to the Holy See suggested to Cardinal Maglione that the Pope address a letter to the bishops of the world, calling for the formation of volunteer legions to fight the Soviets. The answer, of course, was No.

While all Americans applauded the Holy Father's No to the Axis request, some have criticized him because he refused to proclaim a crusade against the nazis and fascists. In this they forget that he must be politically neutral, though morally belligerent, in time of war. The course of the Church was drawn by her Founder, when He said: "Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and to God, the things that are God's." Political decisions belong to Caesar; spiritual decisions belong to God, whose vicar on earth is the Bishop of Rome.

"Today the Axis has lost the war" was the general comment of Vatican circles on Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941. That very morning Ambassador Taylor told the members of the Notre Dame club of New York City, "In Pius XII we can have a supreme confidence, founded not only on his holy office but also on his embracing spirituality, his vision



The personal coat of arms of Pope Pius XII includes the traditional triple tiara and two crossed keys of the Vatican City arms at the top. With heraldic symbols denoting Eugenio Pacelli's birth in Rome, his desire for peace as Pope during the war years, and the meaning of his surname, peace, the coat of arms has great significance.

and his very great talent. Within the historic walls of the Vatican are found, as in no other place among the war-torn nations, an atmosphere of tranquillity, of thoughtful analysis, of deliberate judgment, and of courageous and unchanging resolve." A few days later Harold J. Tittman, Jr., President Roosevelt's *chargé d'affaires* to Pius XII, installed himself within those walls in an apartment which had long been ready for him.

On the eve of the Christmas following the American entry into the war Pius XII spoke by radio to the world. "To the detriment of human dignity and personality as well as society the conception makes headway that it is might which creates right. . . . In some

countries a political conception which is godless and hostile to Christ has, through its many tentacles, achieved a complete absorption of the individual so that it can hardly be said that there is any longer any independence either in private or public life. . . . We direct our appeal to all that the day might be not delayed in which the Star of Bethlehem will rouse all mankind to say with the angels, 'Glory to God in the highest,' and to proclaim as a gift restored at last by heaven upon the nations of the earth, 'Peace to men of good will.'"

From January, 1943, through December, 1945, the Apostolic Delegation sent 487,144 messages to the Vatican and received from it 241,653 messages. The messages were from and to families of prisoners of war in Axis and Allied camps, and of civilian refugees, internees, and slaves in enemy and occupied countries. Several actual incidents will illustrate the work of the Vatican information service. During the North African campaign a boatload of Allied wounded was brought to Italy for hospitalization and imprisonment. Immediately on its arrival, a Vatican representative boarded the boat and distributed message forms among our soldiers. After these were filled out, signed, and addressed they were rushed to the Vatican and then sent by airmail to the U. S. The families of our wounded soldiers had written word from them less than six weeks after their capture. An Episcopalian family in Washington, D. C., received through the Vatican the first

word of their wounded son. He had until then been listed by the War Department as missing, because the nazis had failed to report him to the International Red Cross as captured. The soldier was convalescing in a hospital in Italy, where a Vatican official found him and obtained his name and the family's address. A Baptist family in Kansas, as an expression of gratitude for news that their son was a war prisoner and not dead, sent the Holy Father their weekly tithe of \$22.

The 2nd World War, which he had tried hard to prevent and often to end, became a personal experience for Pope Pius XII on July 12, 1943, when the American air force bombed Rome. During the two-hour raid the Holy Father remained alone in his office, watching the bombers from his window and praying for their helpless victims. When the all-clear sounded, he hurried from the Vatican to console and comfort his terrified people.

With Rome in the hands of the Germans, Pius XII became more the prisoner of the Vatican than any of his predecessors. Nazi paratroopers in battle dress took up positions at the boundary line between Rome and Vatican City, and Gestapo agents kept close watch on all visitors and residents. In September the German authorities threatened to shoot or deport the Jews of Rome, unless they ransomed themselves with a million lire and 50 kilograms of gold. The Jews could not complete the ransom, and the Chief Rabbi (who later became a Catholic)

appealed to the Holy Father. The difference was paid from papal funds.

The German troops left little food for the Romans, whom three years of war had made lean and hungry. For them Pius XII established relief agencies where one could obtain a bowl of soup, some bread, and a helping of macaroni or spaghetti.

While remaining neutral in political matters, Pius XII welcomed the conquering Allies to Rome and to Vatican City with joy and affection, in striking contrast to the cold and distant treatment which he had accorded the nazis. German soldiers in uniform had been barred from the Vatican; but khaki-clad Americans by the thousands daily called upon the Pope.

Pius XII on several occasions suggested the possibility of ending the war by some method short of complete victory and total defeat. He opposed, as did most reasonable men, the inflexible formula of "unconditional surrender," which the U. S. wisely discarded when Japan asked for peace on the condition that the emperor might be retained. The present chaos proves that "unconditional surrender" is no magic sesame to enduring peace.

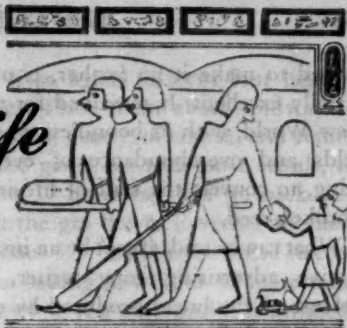
Finally, after six years of hope and prayer, Pius XII received the joyful news on May 5, 1945, that the European war was over, and on August 14 that the Asiatic war was over. He rejoiced in thanksgiving to God, whose Church and whose people he had served so well during the night of the 2nd World War.

*Loaf while baking*

# *The Staff of Life*

By MALCOLM La PRADE

Condensed from a book\*



THE MAKING of bread is one of the oldest of all human arts. Calcined remains of bread made from coarsely ground wheat and barley have been found in the Swiss lake dwellings which date back to the Stone age. The ancient Egyptians made excellent bread, though according to the Greek historian, Herodotus, who traveled in their country about 450 B.C., they kneaded the dough with their feet instead of their hands. The usual Egyptian loaf of that period was round and small, somewhat like a present-day muffin, though they also made oblong loaves, sprinkled with seeds like Vienna rolls.

The Roman emperor Trajan founded a college of bakers and millers to foster better bread, and everyone who has visited the ruins of Pompeii knows that Roman cities were equipped with baking ovens which would serve quite satisfactorily today. A bakers' brotherhood was formed in London as early as 1155, and in 1266 Parliament regulated the price of bread for protection of the public. In Turkey, when bread costs rose too high, it was customary to hang several bakers as an example.

Every European country since medi-

eval times has recognized the importance of good bread, and though in many cases the methods of producing it have been primitive, the quality of the bread has remained high. I still remember with pleasure the magnificent bread and rolls of Belgium which I enjoyed when living there 35 years ago. Every morning they were delivered to our door in an open cart, drawn by a dog team. To avoid waking the family, the old woman who drove the cart would usually leave the bread and a dozen rolls unwrapped on our doorstep and continue on her way. The doorstep, of course, was kept scrupulously clean, as is the custom in Belgium, and we never troubled ourselves over germs. This was before the vitamin era, but I am quite sure that beneath its thick, golden-brown crust our Belgian loaf was bulging with those invisible life-giving ingredients. But what was most important, it had flavor and body; a loaf of Belgian bread and a jug of wine in those days was a satisfactory meal for a hungry man.

The bread of Europe, except during war times, when flour is usually adul-

\**That Man in the Kitchen*. 1946. Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston. 244 pp. \$2.50.



terated to make it go farther, is universally excellent. It remained for the New World, with its boundless wheat fields and overabundance of everything, to convert the staff of life into a broken reed.

What can be said, except by an imaginative advertising copy writer, in defense of the bread produced by our enormous baking corporations of today? It may be vitamin-rich, sanitary, and neatly sliced by machinery. As long as it stands on the grocer's shelves, soft and soggy in its waxed-paper wrapping, it may preserve the illusion of freshness, but unhappy is the man, woman, or child who must eat it. Take a whole loaf of such bread, squash it between your two hands, roll it about for a few moments, and you will discover a logical use for it: you will have a small wad of damp dough admirably adapted to cleaning wallpaper. As another alternative, though not one which I can highly recommend, you may remove the wrapper, allow the loaf to dry out for two days, and then crumble it up to make turkey stuffing. However, the stuffing will be only second-rate. But there is no need to take this bread lying down. You can do something about it.

Americans were not always subjected to the kind of bread they eat today; most homes either made their own or bought it from small neighborhood bakers who took pride in their work. It is quite probable that your grandmother made bread once or twice a week. It was a lengthy process and went something like this. Dough

would be prepared in the evening and placed in a warm corner of the kitchen to rise overnight; the next morning it was shaped into loaves, allowed to rise again, and finally baked. If things went smoothly, a week's supply of cottage loaves would be finished by noon of the second day.

It is not necessary to follow this method. Breadmaking can be streamlined and at the same time foolproof. I would suggest that the most convenient time to make bread is almost any evening when you have invited a few friends in to play bridge, for the baking can readily be coordinated with the card game, and you will pass the time pleasantly while waiting for the dough to rise.

The following recipe for foolproof bread is one I generally use, subject to minor variations in the quantities of ingredients, according to preference: 7 or 8 cups sifted white flour; 2 cakes yeast; 2 cups milk; 2 teaspoons salt; 1 tablespoon butter; 1 heaping tablespoon shortening; 1 tablespoon sugar;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lukewarm water.

Assuming that your bridge guests have been invited for 8 o'clock, you will begin your breadmaking at half past seven. Melt the yeast cakes in half a cup of lukewarm water. Put milk, salt, sugar, butter, and shortening in saucepan and heat over low fire, almost, but not quite, to boiling point. Now run some cold water into your kitchen sink and place the saucepan in it so that the mixture will cool quickly, and while it is still tepid pour in melted yeast. Meanwhile you will

have sifted the flour into a large mixing bowl and you are now ready to make the dough. Pour in the milk and yeast mixture, stirring with a large kitchen spoon. Knead the dough with your hands for a few minutes until it is smooth and elastic but not sticky. If it seems too dry, slosh a tablespoon of warm water over it and continue kneading. If it seems too sticky, sift in a bit more flour. Now roll it into a big ball, rub a little melted shortening over it, put it back in the mixing bowl, cover with a towel, and place the bowl in the warming oven at the top of your range. Just to give the dough an extra lift, turn on a small gas burner, very low, so that the dough will be kept at a warm, even temperature, but not hot. This makes it rise in jig time.

Up to now you have put in only 15 or 20 minutes; you will now wash your hands and be ready to greet your guests. You have ample time for three good rubbers of bridge, about an hour and a half, while the bread rises. Now, while you are dummy, go back to the kitchen; put the dough down, separate it into four equal parts, and put them in lightly greased bread pans; cover the pans with a towel, and place them back in the warming oven.

Return to your bridge game with an easy mind and continue playing for half an hour or so, then slip back to the kitchen and light the baking oven. Turn the gas high to bring the heat to about 450° Fahrenheit. The next time you are dummy, excuse yourself for a moment, and put the bread in the oven. You will find that the dough

has risen again to form four healthy loaves. Place them about midway in the oven, gently, of course, and return to the game for two more hands, or about 15 minutes; then go back and turn the gas down, lowering the heat to about 350°. Allow the bread to continue baking slowly for 40 more minutes while you play, and it is finished. There is nothing to do now but turn the loaves out of the pans upside down and cover them with a towel so that they will cool slowly. The whole operation from start to stop has covered a period of three and a half hours, and by the time your guests leave at midnight you can present each of them with a magnificent loaf of homemade bread.

It is possible to make satisfactory French bread in the home, but it requires an extraordinary amount of elbow grease, for the dough must be whipped up by hand until it is very light and frothy. The process is tedious and, to my way of thinking, the reward is insufficient, but in case you wish to try it, here is a standard recipe for the brioche: 8 cups of flour; 1 yeast cake;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup warm water;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt; 6 eggs;  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. butter.

Dissolve the yeast in half a cup of warm water, add sufficient flour to make a ball of soft dough, then drop this in a pan of warmish water, cover it and let stand for about an hour. Put the rest of the flour on your bread-board, make a hole in the center and add your butter, sugar, salt, and three whole eggs (of course you will remove

the eggs from their shells). Now knead the whole mess barchanded, mixing in the dry flour gradually, and eventually adding the other eggs, one by one; then work in the ball of yeast dough. Now comes the strenuous part. Whip the lump of dough by hand until it is smooth and light, and when you imagine it is smooth enough and light enough, go right on whipping it until your arm aches. Put it in a bowl or pan, and set it in some warm place to rise, which may take five or six hours. Now beat the dough again mercilessly

until it assumes its original size and put it in the refrigerator overnight. If you are still interested in brioche, take the dough out the next day and divide it up into buns, then put them in a warm place to rise again. Each bun should double its size. Brush the top of each bun with egg, put them in a hot oven and bake for approximately half an hour. If everything has gone well you will have a mess of French brioche. So what? You could have made an angel cake and a nice caramel custard with six eggs.

### This Struck Me

*Humility has its consolations, especially when we can feel humble simply because all men are creatures, in themselves unworthy even of being made by God, as Father Joe and Willie felt humility during the crystal moments when Mass was celebrated, real awareness of offering a very necessary Sacrifice for the "sins of the world."*

There was fervor and frightening supplication in the manner in which Father Joe said the prayers at the foot of the altar steps when he began the Mass, and he would wait, head bowed and hands clasped, for the boys to say a response that might have fled them in their sleepiness. Father Joe's tall reed of a body seemed to break in half, almost, when he would bend to kiss the altar, and he never hurried a word or gesture. Humbly, with his eyes averted as though he were accepting the services for someone else, he would let the boys pour the wine and water into his chalice and take the small linen towel to dry his fingers.

Each of his prayers through the Mass was an entreaty so eloquent it reached through the Latin into Willie's understanding, sadly, or with such exaltation and joy even the deaf could hear it. When he repeated, *Domine, non sum dignus* (Lord, I am not worthy) he smote Willie's spirit, yet he tore away the victories from the hands of Willie's enemies, too, the pride and arrogance from Larry McDermott, the insufferable pretensions and shoddy little cruelties of his Uncle Chris, the sting from the slaps of his grandmother and the jibes Nora leveled at him and his grandfather, for, if Father Joe were not worthy, what were they?

From *Our Own Kind* by Edward McSorley (Harper & Brothers, New York: 1946).

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comments as by the selection.

# How Do Children LEARN SUCH THINGS?

By ISABEL CURRIER

Condensed from *Common Ground*\*

**F**RIENDS of mine, a family of adults with a name not unlike Sullivan, recently took a house in a new neighborhood of Newton, one of Boston's well-to-do suburbs. The first time one of the family went to the garden, she was greeted by a taunting chant from two children next door, "Dirty Irish! Shanty Irish! Dirty, shanty Irish!"

Her first impulse was to flee. Instead, she went on spading. The chant died down, to be replaced by a half-whispered conversation about what she might be doing.

"Why don't you come over and show me how to plant my flowers?" she asked.

The children consulted, came, became absorbed in the gardening. Presently their mother wandered to the fence, and began a distant conversation that had all the earmarks of a questionnaire. My friend pleasantly admitted the nature of her family status, name, business, love of gardening, the name of the Protestant church to which she belonged.

"But," exclaimed the neighbor, "I understood you were Irish. I mean to say that from your name. . ."

"Shanty Irish!" interrupted one of the tots.

The mother was profuse with apologies. How could the child have learned such a thing! Heaven knew she watched over the little ones carefully, but she couldn't be at their side all the time when they overheard other children in the street saying uncouth things. My friend refrained from looking up and down the quiet, childless street. She solemnly agreed that little folks have quick ears.

In Dorchester, another Boston suburb, friends of mine have conducted a small store for over 30 years. Children of the neighborhood, some of whom have grown to be parents now, have always flocked to the store after school to shop for their mothers and buy ice cream and soft drinks.

Out of the clear sky one day toward the end of the depression years, a group of children crowded in and waited, charged with a strange excitement, while two of their number filled their extensive shopping lists. The items were assembled and wrapped up. One child picked up the bundle the storekeeper presented.

"I forgot to ask"—the child had

\*222 4th Ave., New York City. Summer, 1945.

been going to that store since infancy —“are you a Jew?”

“Of course!”

“My mother told me not to buy anything in a Jew store!”

“So did mine!” echoed the others.

They unwrapped their bundles and scattered the contents on the floor. With their cronies flanking them, they retreated, chorusing, “Dirty Jew! Dorshyster Jew!”

Next day, some of the same children were in the store as usual, quietly buying ice-cream cones. Variations were offered as time went on: a number of children would engage the storekeepers, pricing everything in sight, while others helped themselves to candy bars and small objects. My friends steadfastly refused to complain to the police, although they faced each day’s business in terror.

“What can we do?” they said to me. “The parents are our customers and old friends and neighbors. They don’t know what their children do, and they’d only have bad feeling toward us if we complained. We don’t know how the children learn such things in the streets. Most days the same children are so quiet when they come in we think the other days are just bad dreams.”

Meanwhile, other Jews in the same Dorchester area did complain that their sons were afraid to go to school. Gangs of boys would pounce intermittently upon a solitary Jewish school-boy.

Investigators called at assailants’ homes to learn that the parents had

no idea how their sons had got into such mischief, but they were certain the Jewish boys were to blame. They had no use for Jews themselves—those people had all the jobs and all the money and were so thick they pushed you off the street the minute you stepped outside your door—but no one could say they didn’t try to bring up their children as good Christians.

“How do the children learn such things?” They learn them from the nearest grownup, of course, and he is most frequently parent or teacher. When social acceptability is gauged by adults in terms of race, religion, or nationality background, when political disagreement speaks up as prejudice against a culture, then our nearsightedly secure Americans are sending their sons out on Hitler’s monstrous business. But we do not like to look close to home. Instead, we blame the streets for the corruption of every virtue, including democracy.

But the streets can be, and frequently are, thoroughfares of democracy. In Boston, particularly, the very children whose business it is to be in the streets regularly, as newsboys, bootblacks, and peddlers, are the only group of youngsters in the city to have had the benefit, for the last 17 years, of a proven educational program for true democracy of race, color, and religion. The Burroughs Newsboys’ Foundation of Boston began in 1928 to find practical answers to the question, “How do children learn such things as good citizenship in a democracy?” Since then, at Foundation headquarters in Boston



and in its summer camp, Agassiz Village, in West Poland, Maine, 20,000 boys of 27 different national origins have given living evidence that children of the streets can learn, and teach, the self-respect that brings respect for fellow men.

Harry E. Burroughs, founder and director of the Newsboys' Foundation, was himself a Boston newsboy after coming from Russia to earn his living at the age of 12. His stand was on a street corner 100 yards from the gracious old building that is now the Burroughs Newsboys' Foundation. In giving the fortune he earned as a corporation lawyer to the street merchants of Boston, Burroughs sought, as an untrained social worker, "to give back to America some of the riches it gave me. Feelings of insecurity are the cause of most juvenile delinquency," says Burroughs. "Frequently such feelings spring from overconsciousness of race." Quietly, with emphasis upon race only when necessary, the theme that accidents of birth and circumstance are no barrier to self-realization in democracy is interwoven into every activity of the Foundation.

I was at Agassiz Village. The Foundation's principle is that there is no such thing as a good or a bad boy; there are only misdirected or well-guided boys. The boy who has been "in trouble" is not a marked man among his fellows unless he gives himself away.

The first principle of the Newsboys' Foundation is to teach democratic unity by example. The staffs at both the

Foundation and Agassiz Village have always been representative of the races and nationalities which share in the history of America. The Newsboys' Foundation was the first white agency in Boston to employ a colored staff worker. Last year at Agassiz the staff included Americans of Dutch, German, Russian, Italian, Polish, Scandinavian, Yankee, Osage Indian, and Japanese ancestry. Chief Big Elk, his wife, Princess Pretty Woman, and their male "papoose," Running Elk, made up the Osage Indian family in charge of the Indian Village of tepees, tree houses, burial grounds, mounds, and archaeological utensils. Boys who compete for merit marks in community work and attitudes may earn the title of "Braves" and the privilege of living in the Indian Village in traditional fashion, learning Indian dances and songs, conducting trade and parley by canoe and pony messengers with the "Pioneers."

The Covered Wagon Village of the pioneers has as residences a stockade and blockhouse, supplemented by two real covered wagons. In playing their realistic game of "pioneers and Indians," the boys not only learn American history but attempt to undo past injustices to the American Indian by fair trading and discussion. Through parleys and mutual good will, they aim to avoid pillaging and warfare, to live and let live in mutual trust and respect.

The Foundation's training in democratic unity is imparted by political self-government. At Agassiz Village

the boys govern themselves in the pattern of the New England community through weekly town meetings. At the Boston Foundation all boys are citizens of the city of Newsboyville. There are also 37 autonomous Burroughs clubs in suburban cities, under the Commonwealth of Newsboys.

The boys direct their own government and elections. The mayor and city councilmen of Newsboyville (the councilmen representing athletics, music, arts, education, and crafts) are elected each spring by secret ballot. Nominations and elections are handled by an election board appointed by the incumbent mayor. Candidates for office have real platforms and hold rousing rallies. They try to win votes by slogans and campaign promises, but woe betide them if they do any campaign smearing! And it is a sad day for an elected officer if he welches on his campaign promises. One elected mayor failed to come through with pre-election promises of jobs, circus tickets, and cigars. He was about to be thrown out of the window of the Foundation when he begged for a chance to make good. He never did provide the cigars, which were illegal, but he humped around during his term of office to get the circus tickets. That particular ex-mayor of Newsboyville is now an honest politician, attached to the public-works department of Boston.

Thanks to the Newsboys' Foundation, the city of Boston itself has had a Negro as theoretical mayor for a day. He was Mayor Harvey Campbell

of Newsboyville, later a corporal in the Army. On one day each year, Newsboyville's officials take over the reins of Boston city government to bolster their confidence in their methods of civic procedure.

Unlike most social agencies, the Newsboys' Foundation goes into the highways, streets, and byways of Boston, as well as into the juvenile courts, to coax boy street merchants into joining a club designed for them. The clubhouse inspires many boys to take a news route, shine stand, or peddler's license to qualify as members: It is a handsome edifice on Beacon Hill, just around the corner from the State House. It is furnished with Oriental rugs and fine paintings from Mr. Burroughs' own home. At Agassiz Village, newsboys have 18 thoroughbred saddle horses for their enjoyment, a private merry-go-round, motor launches, and a real side-wheel steamboat. "It is instinctive in boys to try to measure up to their surroundings," is Mr. Burroughs' explanation of what have been called "unheard-of luxuries for the underprivileged." Rides on the merry-go-round, the horses, and launches are rewards for such a long list of merits that no boy is ever denied them. At the Foundation, the only snobberies that would exclude a boy are those of discourtesy: boxes at the door demand all wads of gum; a doormat is there to insist that shoes be wiped; hats must be removed as the door opens.

Religion, save in its influences on history and its contributions to the far-flung culture of America, seldom en-

ters the program of the Foundation in Boston. But at Agassiz Village a general religious service at 11 o'clock each Sunday in the community dining hall is voluntarily attended by Jews and Protestants. No boy is questioned if he stays away. On the other hand, a Catholic boy must tell his counselor the reason if he fails to attend the Mass celebrated at the same hour in the Town Hall, for Sunday religious attendance is an obligation to Catholics.

Boys of Italian and Jewish background are more numerous at the Foundation than any other group, but any tendency to segregate is nipped in the bud.

A boy named Vito had his day as the Foundation's Problem Boy No. 1. He became leader of a group of North End newsboys of Italian extraction who stuck together and developed a lordly sense of power. Vito and his crowd got permission to fix up a dirty room in the subbasement as a club-room for themselves, never suspecting a test case. They worked like beavers and made a stunning room out of the place, then had a key made for each one of them and a sign proclaiming the locked room "For Italians Only." Harry Burroughs asked them to come to see him in a group. "Hello," he said, when they came in. "You're the bunch of wops, aren't you? I hear you're acting like a gang of guineas, too." As one man, the boys drew back, muttering in anger and outrage. "You don't like being called wops and guineas, do you?" Mr. Burroughs remarked. "I don't like being called a sheenie or a

kike, either. That's why I try to behave like an American. You made a beautiful clubroom down there out of your own ideas and your own labor. But when you keep it for Italians only, you're insulting the other fellows. The only way they can get back at you for the insult is to call you guineas. Wouldn't it be better to be Americans?"

Vito and his henchmen asked permission to go into conference. They returned to surrender their keys to Burroughs and post a written apology to Foundation members on the bulletin board, together with an announcement that they would be honored if all the boys would share their new clubroom.

That episode was a turning point in Vito's life. He stopped being a problem boy and turned his talents for leadership to winning friends. He became mayor of Newsboyville by popular acclaim at the age of 17.

There were no members of the Newsboys' Foundation among the gangs of boys who roamed the streets of Dorchester, Roxbury, and South Boston, hunting unprotected Jewish boys to beat. As boys of the streets, they were too busy peddling their papers and learning to be responsible citizens. And most of them, who know what it is to wince in terror from the taunts of "kike," "nigger," "shanty Irish," will spring to the defense of anyone else who is lashed with such epithets. The street merchants of Boston have learned that there is fairness and equality in the life of America and that it begins with self-respect.

*Revival for a new arrival*

## Brigid is a Lovely Name

By JOHN J. O'CONNOR

Condensed from *Columbia*\*

**W**HEN WE decided to name our fifth child Brigid, our remote relatives in Scranton informed us of a shocking case that had the entire city in an uproar. It seems that a highly respected and very generous woman died recently. She was widely known in philanthropic circles as Aunt Dolly, which was conventional and proper; but the obituary column gave her correct name as Brigid, which is a bit too much on the immigrant side, if you know what I mean.

Our heroic decision also rattled a few skeletons in family closets in Chicago. We now have it on reliable authority that Aunt Bee and Aunt Belle would rather vote Republican than have it be known that their true name is Brigid.

A Jesuit chaplain, visiting next door, dropped in to say that he had been stationed two years in Newfoundland. The majority of girls in that part of the world, he told us, were christened Brigid but prefer to use Bride.

A Holy Cross Sister phoned us to express her very great pleasure. Her name is Brigid. For many years she has been living under something of a cloud in the community. She was not considered exactly eccentric but there

was a fixed notion in her regard that her proper place was the kitchen and not the classroom. With the naming of our child the cloud has lifted. She can hold up her head again. A brand new baby of respectable American stock has joined the glorious brigade of Brigids. She was tremendously excited about it all. From our point of view, however, she gave us scant moral support because she is known in religion as Sister Pasquidilla.

The morning after the great event, I told my secretary that we had a new baby girl.

"What's her name?"

"Brigid."

"You know," she said, "my parents played a dirty trick on me, too. For my second name they picked Agatha. Isn't that awful?"

I have a considerable number of Irish relatives in Washington, all with telephones. When I told them the baby's name, they were dumfounded. For a full minute, in each instance, I heard nothing but a series of plaintive "Glory to be God's!"

Here is the reason for their grief and violent opposition. It seems that 60 or 70 years ago a large number of Irish girls emigrated to the U.S. and, for

\*New Haven, 7, Conn. October, 1946.

lack of better employment, entered domestic service. From that time to the present the name of Brigid, so I was told, has always been associated in the public mind with brooms, mops, and feather dusters. To name a child Brigid would be to lose face. In fact, it appeared that all my highly vocal Irish relatives were in imminent danger of losing face.

Of course, they were reluctant to approach the painful subject directly. But had I given the matter sufficient consideration? Would not Margaret or Elizabeth or Mary be a more appropriate name? Didn't I think that the name Brigid might be a serious handicap in the years to come? Wouldn't it be wiser to shift the baby's name so that she would be known as Angela B., instead of Brigid A.?

I have been forced, as a result of all this, to study the life of St. Brigid with painstaking thoroughness. Today I am the greatest living authority on St. Brigid, Brigid of Kildare, Brigid of Ireland. Although this great saint died a little more than 1,400 years ago, she still lives, a vital, vivid personality, in our war-shattered world.

Beyond all other women, save only the Mother of Christ, Brigid of Ireland is the saint of the sorrowing, the saint of the starving, the saint of the stricken. She is the saint of the Irish, but she is also the saint of men and women behind the Soviet iron curtain, of homeless little people in Poland and Italy, of worried American workers plagued by inflation. Of all the saints in the long golden role of Christian heroines,

Brigid of Ireland, "the Mary of the Gael," is the saint of our common humanity.

She is the symbol of those virtues which are most needed in our atomic age. She is saint of the charity that begins at the door, that welcomes and blesses as well as aids, the saint of sweet sympathy, of mercy, forgiveness. She is the saint of a democracy wider and deeper than any political form, of the actual daily living of her belief that all men are brothers under the fatherhood of God.

She is saint of hope because she is saint of youth. Although she lived to be an old woman, her native Ireland has always held to the tradition of her youthfulness. To Ireland, and to all the world, she has ever been "Sweet St. Bride of the yellow, yellow hair"; the dairymaid who gave away her master's butter to the poor and her father's jeweled sword to a leper; the girl who fell asleep while St. Patrick was preaching; the friend of St. Brendan the Voyager, St. Finnian, the founder of Clonard, and St. Kevin, the founder of another great monastic school at Glendalough; the girl who dared to defy a king; the girl who founded a convent when she was only 16; the slave girl who ended slavery in Ireland without shedding a drop of blood.

St. Brigid is supremely the saint of agricultural life, for throughout her career she was never dissociated from farm work. She is found milking cows, and making firkins of butter and rounds of cheese, until the end. Not even when she was Mother Abbess of



13,000 nuns did she relinquish her rural occupations. We find her coming in from shepherding, her garments rain-soaked, or supervising reapers from dawn to sunset in the fields around her convent at Kildare.

She was also a fighter for freedom, freedom for herself, for all who had known the shackles of slavery. She who was born a slave and who, by her courage and sanctity, freed the slaves of her own land is likewise patroness of all city dwellers who are still bound

by shackles of want, misery, despair, injustice, and inhumanity.

My researches have convinced me that I am proud that my wife named our fifth child Brigid. We have succeeded, at considerable personal sacrifice, in establishing a small bridgehead for the name in our parish. To all other parents who may experience difficulties in naming their children, the advice of a veteran father is simply this: don't cross your Brigids until you come to them.



### Crosswords to Cross Words

After working out crossword puzzles for years people begin thinking and talking in terms of their definitions. I have worked out a dialogue to help imagine what their conversation would sound like.

She: Listen, Leo, I have a megrim. Move to the selling place and get me a type of fruit, will you? And observe if he owns some pease and species of citrus. I yearn them laved and oorie.

He: Rt.

She: Before you depart, I awe if you would discover my etui.

He: What the eblis!

She: Have you any extra Leva?

He: Scant. Pourquoi?

She: I'd admire an indefinite number of carbonadoed shanks.

He: Rt. Approximately a livre?

She: Affirmative as consuetudinarily. But listen, Leo, when you sculptor the fowl this nocturne . . . oh baloney! The heck with this lingo. Cut it out before I go batty.

He: Pourquoi, my Asa? You exist at present level plus eloquent. You . . . hey . . . lay off . . . (She clouts him with the dish cloth.) . . . cut it, half-wit. (He wrests the cloth from her.) Don't get so danged funny or I'm liable to hang one on you, see?

She: Leo! You're talking human again. I've saved you! Darling! (She throws her arms around him.)

Norbert Engels in the *St. Joseph Magazine* (July '46).



People, here I come

## Boys Town Choir

By RALPH THIBODEAU

LITTLE CARLOS gave it everything he had, "People, here I come!" The two boys filing out ahead of him, one white and one Negro, caught the confidence in his voice and lifted their chins ever so slightly. The 40 vested boy choristers took their places on the stage; Father Schmitt stepped up on the podium, raised his arms.

Then, in the sylvan stage setting, the exquisite small voices broke the silence of the huge, packed auditorium. I had the pleasure of hearing those opening bars of Lotti's *Regina Coeli*, the first selection on the first program of a tour which is taking the Boys Town choir to 43 cities and will include concerts at Symphony hall, Boston; Carnegie hall, New York City; and Constitution hall, Washington.

Well, Carlos hadn't been just whistling in the dark on his way to the stage, for certainly his confidence, and that of all the other 11 to 18-year-olds, Catholic and Protestant, white and Negro and Mexican, was equaled only by their flawless performance. As the concert went along, Palestrina, Michael Haydn, Franck, Fauré, all the familiar names were there, all sung perfectly, effortlessly. Then, inevitably, Schubert's *Ave Maria*, to end the sacred music on its starting theme, Mary.

Then the secular music, Brahms, Dvorák, Gershwin, Negro spirituals;

light, skipping soprani, somber bassos; attacks, retreats, mediations; notes, phrases, cascading down, then rushing up again to ringing climaxes. Finally, a medley of Strauss, ambitious, exacting, superbly executed. As the familiar waltz themes flowed into the coda, I couldn't help thinking of that other boys' choir from Vienna which I had heard years before. I supposed that they were gone now, gone and almost forgotten, as these boys had been once, before Father Flanagan, and before. . . .

A little more than ten years ago, 20-year-old Francis Schmitt, a serious young man from West Point, Neb., entered the seminary at St. Paul, Minn. His main interest in life up to that point had been music: piano, organ, voice. Now he was ready to put music in the background for philosophy and theology.

But to Father Francis Missia, seminary choirmaster, music was an art not to be neglected for theology, but rather to be studied as a natural complement to the divine learning. He encouraged the young seminarian to continue his music studies, and for the next six years imparted to him much of the fullness of his own musical experience as organist, conductor and composer.

I suppose genius will out, for during those years Schmitt organized and conducted a choral club called Cretin Carolers, whose robust, albeit techni-

cally perfect, renditions ran the composers' gamut from Bach to Belloc. That latter may sound strange, unless you know Belloc's little poem called *A Sailor's Carol*. Schmitt composed a musical setting for it during the Christmas season of 1940. It may have been a little disconcerting for the neighbors on the periphery of the seminary grounds to hear 20 or 30 blended voices rather shouting, "May all my enemies go to hell!" on Christmas eve. But there is something not unreasonable in God's chosen levites taking His part and shouting all devils away to hell on so holy a night.

The next spring, June, 1941, Francis Schmitt became Father Schmitt and reported to his superior, Archbishop James H. Ryan of Omaha, for assignment. And therein lies one of the happiest coincidences in the history of music. It was a little hard to realize, while listening to that world premiere Sept. 29, that Father Schmitt just happened into Boys Town (I remember a distinct shudder at the thought that he might *not* have happened in there), but that is the fact. He was sent there on a routine assignment as one of several priest-directors of Father Flanagan's fabled city-home. Priest-musician, a gang of rough, regular American boys—sounds like *Going My Way*. Well, in fact it is, only the Boys Town choir was there first.

It was no movie choir, though, which broke into polyphony five minutes after the membership was gathered in one spot. Organizing a good choir is hard work.

Father Schmitt started with a group of about 30 boys, who were all that remained of a former successful musical body dating back in its prime to 1937. To develop a finished choir of concert-tour proportions was the last thing in his mind at that time; it just grew. He simply realized the value of music in rehabilitating boys, and, like everything else at Boys Town, directed it only to the boys' welfare. In his judgment of music as a therapeutic agent, he was encouraged by Father Flanagan, and told to spare no reasonable expense to carry out his program.

Right at the start, Father Schmitt ran into the usual reaction of red-corpuscled youngsters to anything as tame and "sissified" as singing in the choir. Membership dropped down below 20. Then he proved himself a worthy assistant of the master boy psychologist by auditioning and signing up for the choir a Negro boy named Kenny Morris. Kenny had been Nebraska all-state halfback, state school-boxing champ, and was currently star of the Boys Town football team. He also happened to be a very promising piano student.

Well, Kenny couldn't be classified as a sissy, even remotely, or there would be some ears pinned back. The deluge started. Boys from every sports team started jamming the audition sessions. The other citizens of the town followed. Even Carlos, the inaccessible Mexican kid with a childhood-developed grudge against the world, tried out, and as a result came around from being a backward, irresponsible, uncooperative problem child to a poised,

aggressive, "people, here I come" gentleman and musician. Hero worship will always be one of the heaven-sent gifts of boys, and Father Schmitt continues to draw heavily upon strong sports figures for his choir. That gives rise at times to conflicts of practice periods, but the achievement of the term "unsissified" for his choir more than compensates for the bother of minor schedule changes. There has never in four years been a shortage of applicants, and after the tour Father Schmitt will probably have a Boys Town choir on his hands that is really Boys Town—everybody in town.

There has been only one wholesale defection from the ranks of the choir, that brought on by the war. When the draft age went down to 18, Boys Town was hit hard. Many of the boys, on the eve of their graduation, packed up and left to do their country's bidding. Soon Father Flanagan got the first telegram from the Navy Department. Vernon Crowley, one of the Negro boys in the choir, became the first gold star on the Boys Town service flag. Others followed him to this supreme limit of courage; some were fortunate, and escaped only wounded; some came away untouched. But wherever they went, the men from Boys Town acquitted themselves honorably.

Uncounted benefits on the ledger of the Church Militant have accrued from Father Schmitt's work with the choir. The choristers live in their own building at Boys Town, under the directing eye of Father Schmitt. They have an opportunity to attend his daily

Mass and always find him "at home" when they have troubles to talk over. Conversions have been frequent and lasting. In such an atmosphere, Father Schmitt's only problem is to hold each boy back from embracing the faith until he no longer has any reasonable doubt that the Holy Ghost has been busy in the lad's soul.

Darwin Szynskie, present councilman and chorister, used to drop in on Father Schmitt in his room with, "Want some company?" Then he would sit on the floor and study catechism for awhile. Finally came the day he was ready for Baptism. Obviously, the Darwin in his title had to give way for a saint's name. Of course the new name, after his spiritual father, was Francis. Now Father Schmitt has four namesakes, each sponsored in Baptism by his predecessor Francis in the faith.

For four years Father Schmitt worked with his boys, auditioning, testing, teaching them how to read, trying new music, giving concerts, singing in church. Finally he had a first choir of 100 boys, and a second group of 25 understudies to fill the ranks of the One Hundred as graduations carried boys away. He selected 40 for the great tour, worked with them as a unit for three months, then called upon his old maestro to finish them off. Father Missia gave them both barrels for a week, told them to get going without further ado, and left for home.

At that point fate stepped in to decree that the "man behind the man" would be the first to hear publicly the

acclaim bestowed on his student's choir. The agent in charge of the tour, working with St. Catherine's College Alumnae Association, booked the premiere, without the knowledge of either maestro or student, for St. Paul.

Now the triumphant finale had ended. As I added my full-palmed bit to the tremendous ovation, watching some of the younger boys choke back surreptitious yawns, I suddenly remembered why Father Schmitt had needed four years to develop his choir. Of those 40 boys, only a few had had any slightest training in music before

they came to him. There wasn't a chance in their young lives for anything like that. You see, they were sons of poor parents, and most of them had made their way, somehow, without one or both of those parents. They were tired up there now, tired, but at least not forgotten.

When graduation day comes for those choristers of Boys Town, amid all the big problems of the day, Father Schmitt's will surely be the biggest: he will have to put a catchy ad in the *Boys Town Times* for more football players.



### Flights of Fancy

Postwar America: a new age of chiselry.—*W. C. Adams.*

Cafeteria morality.—✠ *Richard J. Cushing.*

The rich man died surrounded by the heir force.—*Eugene Daberto.*

Coffee so strong it snarled as it lurched out of the pot.—*Betty MacDonald.*

Long shadows, like stern fingers pointing to a little boy's bed.—*Rita Marie Anderson.*

Ladies, deep in talk, frankly confessing the sins of their neighbors.—*Brassil Fitzgerald.*

There is no person more alive than a dead saint.—*Fulton Shren.*

He was wrapped in an old sheepskin and early morning taciturnity.—*R. Ross Annett.*

Meat shortage menu: filly mignon.—*K. R.*

Enough campaign ribbons to make a Venetian blind.—*Stanley Frank.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]



What's *that* thing?



## HATS—OR ARE THEY?

By LILLY DACHÉ

Condensed chapter of a book\*

**W**HY IT IS I do not know, but women's hats have been a cause of dissension ever since the first cave woman put a red flower in her hair to charm her mate. And when her cave man came home from the hunt, I am sure he sounded just like all other husbands, and no doubt he said, "What do you call *that* thing?"

One of my finest temper spells was induced a few years ago by Mr. Westbrook Pegler, a newspaper columnist whom, up to then, I had admired greatly. I was calmly having my coffee in bed and toying with some straw and roses one day when I heard a shriek from my secretary. She held out the New York *World-Telegram* and croaked, "Miss Dache—look at this!"

Her finger pointed to the column *Fair Enough* by Westbrook Pegler. I looked, and read, "One of the more pathetic sights of the season is that presented by those poor, docile females who have permitted the milliners and fashion magazines to crown them with a type of hat which not only makes them look absurd but makes husbands, suitors and other males ashamed to be

seen with them in public places."

I leaped from my bed with fire in my eye and cried, "That—that Pegler! I'll fix him!"

"You'd better read the rest, Miss Dache," said my secretary, in a small, scared voice. "The rest is much worse."

"Hats have been seen which plainly were copied from the old-fashioned china barbershop gobboon, the shapeless fungus which grows on a rotten stump in the forest, the hamburger roll, the pork chop, the fried egg, and the Lascar fireman's greasy sweat rag...."

By now I felt a fine, high rage rising majestically within me, the kind of rage in which women find release only in breaking precious old china, or smashing antique vases, over the head of some man, if possible.

"It's too much!" I whispered. "He's gone too far." And then, fascinated, I read on, "Now it is one thing to place a wadded washrag over the eyebrow of some cute, skinny little trick of 18, stick a sprig of parsley on it and strap it beneath her pert little chin with a couple of lengths of dyed bandage. She could look cute beneath a tomato surprise or with no hat at all because she



\*By permission of Coward-McCann, Inc., N. Y. C., from *Talking Through My Hats*. Copyright, 1946, by Lilly Dache and Dorothy Roe Lewis. 265 pp. \$2.75.

is cute, and the hat really makes no difference one way or another. But those who have unhappily had a little more aging are, with rare exceptions, cute no longer, and not only require a little cooperation from their hats but deserve it at the price."

"It is war!" I cried. "And Lilly Daché has never yet bowed to any man." ("Except my husband, Jean," I added to myself.)

I turned to my secretary, who was cowering against the bedpost, and I said, "Take a telegram! To Mr. Westbrook Pegler, care of the New York *World-Telegram*: 'Your ideas of women's fashions are evidently as indefinite as your ideas on modern art. Therefore I offer you all facilities of my workroom and stockroom to produce your idea of a dream hat for your wife, provided you won't make her wear it afterward. Furthermore, I challenge you to examine my library of fashion books and cite any period in history when women looked prettier and less grotesque from the shoulders up than they do today.'

"There! That will fix him, that Pegler, that cad! We will see now what kind of a hat he can make!"

I was still fuming when Jean came home for lunch, as he always has done, every day since we were married. I confronted him with the column.

"Do you not think you should challenge this man to a duel?" I asked. "After all, the honor and reputation of your wife are at stake."

Jean read the column to the end, and all the way through he chuckled heart-

ily. When he had finished he lay back in his chair and guffawed, in that annoying and noisy way of men. At last, wiping tears from his eyes, he said, "I've often thought the same thing myself!"

Then he looked at my set face, and he got up and kissed me, and said, "There are many bad milliners, you know, my sweet. These things could never be said of the beautiful designs you turn out. He is talking about the others. That is clear."

I will say this for my Jean. He always knows the right thing to say at the right time—almost always, that is. That must be one reason why I married him.

But the feud between Daché and Pegler made headlines for days and weeks. Pegler was interviewed, and asked if he would accept my challenge to make a better hat. He said, "I've been thinking about it. But I couldn't design a hat funnier than those I see around town."

He was asked what his "dream hat" would be, if he made one. And he replied in a most sensible way, I thought, for a man, "That depends on who the doll is. I object to the fat, dumpy doll with a thing on top of her head the size of a popover, and then a scrawny, tall doll with the same hat."

After reading those remarks, I decided that Mr. Pegler had hit on the thing that made people laugh at women's hats. It is all a matter of proportion. I myself abhorred the "doll hats" of the season, and tried to point out to my customers that a large woman

should not wear a period on top of her head for a hat.

But the right hat on the right head is pretty. I can make any hat becoming to any woman. But it must be designed for her, and her alone. It must be properly fitted, and it must be in proportion. This, I think, is the secret of success in anything in life: enough of this, enough of that, and all things in proportion. The big hat for the big woman, the small chapeau for the *petite femme*. The big thoughts and the big beads for the big person; the small things for the small souls.

I was seriously disturbed, however, by the diatribe of this Mr. Pegler, and so I conducted a questionnaire among well-known men and women of the country, asking them if they thought women's hats were "crazy." I also sent a challenge to Miss Dorothy Thompson, who had made unkind remarks about the hats of the season.

The results of this poll were about 50-50. Some thought the hats were awful. Some thought they were wonderful. In answer to the survey, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt said, "It seems to me that a great number of women today are wearing becoming clothes and hats. After all, it is possible to be in fashion and not exaggerate too much. Of course, very young people can wear almost anything and look well."

This I considered an on-the-fence attitude, but kind.

H. I. Phillips, of the *New York Sun*, wrote a column around an item which he found in the *New Yorker*.

"Lilly Daché designed about 7,500 of last year's hat models. She gets her inspiration from food, butterflies, flowers, and current events."

Mr. Phillips suggested these current-event inspirations and their results:

"Fifth Ave. bus collides with fire chief's auto." Miss Daché gets the idea at once: A hat, the general outline of which will be part fireman's helmet and part radiator cap. She works in a bent fender, a broken coin slot, the handle off a siren and, well, there's nothing more to it except perhaps a little ribbon and a feather.

"Public enemy breaks prison, shoots down posse." Black and white will be the color motif, with splashes of crimson. Add a hacksaw, a file, a rosette of empty cartridges, three leather leashes, a few yards of newsreel, and the thing is done.

There was more in the same vein. But this I did not mind. This was good fun. After all, men must be men, and that is how we want them to be. A woman of wit can make a man admire her even if she wears a cabbage on her head.

Along about the time of those newspaper controversies, other prominent men spoke out on the subject of women's hats.

Cardinal O'Connell of Boston said, "You can tell the quality of a woman's brain by the kind of hat that covers it."

Dr. William Moulton Marston—"This is just another manifestation of the war between the sexes."

Paul Whiteman—"I don't like a hat

that is a jam session while the face is a Bach toccata."

All these things have men said about hats. But if they said nothing, then I would know that I had failed. Women's hats, if they are good hats, always

must stir controversy, arouse conversation, occupy the spotlight. And whatever men may say, women will always wear hats, and underneath all their carping criticisms men will always secretly admire them.



## Math and Aftermath

One has no conception of the plight of German cities until he has seen one. Streets have been cleared, but nothing has been done with the gaping holes and tottering walls of what were once buildings.

In the U. S. you are driving through a city, and someone will say, "Look, there's a building all burned out inside." Driving through Coblenz you will point to a building and say, "Look, there is one they missed."

My driver was from Luxemburg. "Never again," he said, "will I come to Coblenz. It makes me sick to see it." A few minutes before, as we drove past gutted houses and piles of broken masonry, he had said, "Well, Hitler promised he would bring fresh air and sunshine to Germany. He certainly did."

The road up the Moselle from Trier to the confluence of that river with the Rhine goes along the water's edge. As the river twists, the grapevines along its enormous banks change sides with the sun. On the side of the afternoon sun are the grapes; on the other side are the fields of grain and hay. Across the river once were flung many bridges, and always at each foot of the bridge there lay clustered small but charming villages. Once such a village could count itself fortunate because of its easy access to either side of the river. Now it knows it was very unfortunate, because in destroying the bridges (every one of them) the war destroyed half the villages as well.

Peasants were hard at work in the fields, the old women and young girls in their gaily colored dresses. It was the haying season, and the girls were loading the wagons in the warm afternoon sun. Suddenly it dawned on me what was missing.

I said to the driver, "Where are the men? I haven't seen any of them in the fields."

"I haven't seen any either," he said. "I suppose they were killed in the war."

NCWC News Service (1 Oct. '46).



# GLOUCESTERMEN'S BEACON

By WIN BROOKS

Condensed from the  
*American Weekly*\*

**T**HE NORTHEAST gale lashed spray across the glass of the pilot house. The trawler rolled deep to port, sluggish to helm with her load of fish, and slid down the heaving mountain of the Atlantic.

"Close," said the captain at the wheel. "Close, that one."

"Aye," said the mate.

The wheel watch, with the Diesels turning over only enough to give steerage way, was a two-man trick. The two stood in utter darkness except for a faint glow of the binnacle lamp and the reflection, in the glass of the pilot house, of two small lights burning on the bulkhead behind them. The lights made twin bright spots on the glass, and dimly outlined between these, magnified in reflection, showed the figure of a woman.

"Our Lady is a comfort on a night like this," said the captain.

"Aye," agreed the mate. Then, "Can you hold it alone?"

"Aye."

The mate turned to a niche in the bulkhead, where stood the statue of the blessed Virgin in the role of Our

Lady of Good Voyage, right arm upraised, a fishing vessel cradled in her left. The mate knelt while the trawler pitched and rolled and the seas crashed and the wind clawed in vain.

In his turn, the mate relieved the skipper and Captain Joe said his prayer, of thanksgiving for the goodness of God manifest in the bountiful catch, of supplication for the mercy of God in the protection of ship and crew against the hungry storm.

Two nights later, having weathered the worst gale of spring, the trawler was standing in for Gloucester, and 20 miles outside Eastern Point breakwater the captain was talking by radio telephone to his wife at home.

"We'll be in tonight," he said. "Call Father De Moura and ask him to put on the lights."

The night was clear, the sea flattening out. Fourteen members of the trawler's crew lined her bow rails, eyes peering toward the unseen shore.

A few minutes later, distant and low on the horizon but brighter than any star, the light that serves as guide for the homing ships of Gloucester blazed



forth. As the trawler ate up the miles for home, the light burned brighter and took form, a 20-foot statue of Our Lady of Good Voyage, flanked by the cross-tipped twin spires of the church named for her on the hill overlooking the sea.

The next evening in the office of Captain Ben Pine, Captain Ben's business partner, Miss Ray Adams, was paying off the crew. The men share in the proceeds of all voyages according to the price their fish bring in the market. Generally, fishermen of the Atlantic area get a 60-40 share in the gross earnings, under an agreement which recently ended a 139-day strike of trawler crew members.

The owner's share has been set aside. Crewman Peter DeCosta approaches Miss Adams' desk.

"Four hundred and sixty-seven dollars for you, Pete," she smiles.

"Four hundred for me, to feed and clothe the little ones," says Peter. "The rest is the share for God."

Miss Adams sets \$67 of Pete's share aside. One by one as the men are paid, "God's share" is set aside, and at Christmastime the total is presented by the skipper of the vessel to Father Stephen De Moura, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Good Voyage, for charities. It is the crew's donation in thanksgiving to God. Every crew makes it.

There is an ancient proverb: "Let him who knows not how to pray go to sea." There is no group in the world more constantly in danger and more devout than the men who make up

the fishing fleets of the world. They are bluff, rough, hardy men of toil, daily braving peril of sea, storm, and fog, and conscious always of the need for a spiritual hand at the helm.

Fishermen of today, as they have done since Peter paused in his fishing on the Sea of Galilee to become an Apostle, pay constant reverence to God. Of various racial strains and religious beliefs, they carry on the age-old traditions and ceremonies in America's great deepwater industry on both coasts—men of Norse ancestry out of Seattle and other ports of Washington for the North Pacific; men of Portuguese and Italian heritage out of San Diego and the other Southern California fishing centers; the Portuguese and Italian fleets out of Gloucester, Boston and New Bedford; the old-line New England Yankees and the wiry men from Newfoundland and the Maritime Provinces of Canada out of every Atlantic fishing port. Catholic or Protestant, they possess a humble piety and an appreciation of God's mercy.

Some of the sturdiest and most successful fishermen of today are Americans of Portuguese ancestry, third-generation Americans most of them, since the Portuguese first came to this country about 1860. They sail a large percentage of the vessels out of Gloucester for the Atlantic banks and from San Diego to the tuna and sardine fisheries. It is a rare occurrence for a vessel to put to sea without its shrine.

For the men of the Gloucester fleet, our Lady is the real skipper of every vessel and the Church of Our Lady of

Good Voyage is a shrine for other fishermen from faraway ports in the U. S. When a tuna ship is about to sail from San Diego, its skipper usually writes or wires Father De Moura in Gloucester. There, prayers for a safe voyage are said as the vessel, 3,000 miles away, dips farewell in the dusk to the lights of Point Loma.

The Church of Our Lady of Good Voyage, only one so named in this country, was copied from one in the Azores. The parishioners are mostly fishermen and their families. One of their most beautiful ceremonies is the annual Festival of the Crowning, during which a crown of solid silver, once blessed in Rome by the Pope and brought to this country by the earliest Portuguese immigrants, is placed by the priest upon the head of a captain of the fishing fleet, chosen by lot to have its custody for a year. The captain

so chosen erects a flower-decked shrine in his home for display of the crown. A ceremonial procession precedes the crowning. Thousands participate, and the fishermen who bear the crown have prepared themselves by fasting and prayer. The old Portuguese ceremony comes down from the days of Queen Isabel, who replaced the royal emblem of her crown with a dove of peace and each year crowned a commoner to reign for a day. As she distributed food to the needy, so today, at the Festival of the Crowning, food is distributed to those in want by the fishermen of Gloucester.

When you sit down to your next meal of salmon or cod, haddock or halibut, or even tuna in cans, you can be sure that God has been paid a share of the catch, not out of the price you are charged, but out of the wages of the men who made the haul.



## Tradition

When for the first time the question was raised of putting down certain Hindu doctrines in writing, many Brahmins set themselves squarely in opposition to it. Errors would thus creep in, they said, which would be impossible as long as there was nothing but the oral tradition to go by.

While Scripture lays down the ideas, only oral tradition is capable of perpetuating the right way of understanding them. Living tradition perpetuates the meaning because it is addressed directly from one individual to another; it is addressed to the concrete individual desiring to understand.

Those profound minds which have had the greatest and most enduring influence have either written nothing; or, if they did write anything, the true source of their influence cannot be traced back to their books (as in the instance of Plato). Let the Christian tradition of charity die, and subsequent generations will probably cease to understand what Jesus meant by the term.

Count Keyserling quoted in *Holy Roodlets* (Jan. '45).

# I Like Priests

By LUCILE HASLEY

Condensed from *The Sign*\*

**P**RIESTS are just about my favorite people. I offer this little nosegay in all simplicity; no axe to grind, no wood to chop, no bin to fill. (My child hasn't just broken a church window nor my husband been kicked out of the Holy Name society. We are, for the nonce, in relatively good standing.) I just like priests as people—it's as simple as that—and it doesn't hurt anything, does it, to toss a very human tribute in their direction?

They get plenty of the other, formal testimonial banquets, gala jubilee celebrations, a general bowing and scraping just because they're priests. I won't go into that side of it (although I'm just as impressed with Holy Orders, *per se*, as the next person) because respect for the cloth is well taken care of. And I, too, hail all the heroic chaplains, blood-spilling missionaries, and, in particular, the priests who plug away at unpopular causes. Only I'm not hailing them here.

All I'm offering here is my little tribute to priests in general, along with an explanation as to just why I enjoy them so much. Priests can badger the daylights out of you trying to work off a parish debt, push

you around, hound you into doing all sorts of things you don't want to do. They have a way of sticking out that shepherd's crook and grabbing you around the neck before you know what's happening. To like them in spite of all this really calls for a \$64 explanation.

To begin with, let me say that I live in a town that not only sports a Catholic spire every few blocks but also flaunts, near by, the golden dome of Notre Dame. The place fairly swarms with priests, so that this isn't a case of having met and been dazzled by a lone Bing Crosby number, some wandering clerical minstrel. I've met lots of priests (including many that M-G-M wouldn't screen test even for a B picture) and I think I've met a fair cross section. It isn't likely that I, like a



\*Union City, N.J. October, 1946.

magnet, have drawn only the fairest, the finest, the bonniest of the lot, for things like that just don't happen to me. I'm more the type that works like a magnet in reverse.

There are more different *kinds* of priests than you can shake a stick at. I don't mean different Orders; I mean different species within an Order. It is only recently that I, a convert, have discovered this, and the discovery pleases me enormously.

I'd always thought of the Roman collar as a sort of indelible trade-mark that guaranteed a uniform product: little tin soldiers, straight off the assembly line, with the same regulation thoughts, regulation attitudes, regulation stomach ulcers. Not so. They've all got the same Captain, they're all fighting under the same banner, but the Light Brigade charges forward with a different horse for every rider.

Some priests are all wrapped up in the liturgy. (They're the type you greet over the phone with "A happy St. Polycarp's feast day to you, Father.") Others are all engrossed in the lay apostolate. ("This is Apostle #35679 reporting, Father.") Others are working like mad to spread this or that devotional practice. ("But I made the First Fridays, Father. I got a happy death all sewed up. What's next?") Others are struggling against odds for racial justice. ("Only Blessed Martin would get me out on a night like this, Father. I wouldn't do it for a white man.") Still others concentrate on making converts. ("I got a prospect for you, Father. If you can comfort her as

to why unbaptized babies can't go to heaven, she will join right now.")

Some priests live in ivory towers; some in the market place; some in the classroom; some in editorial offices; some (partly) on the golf courses. Some are heaven-bent on winning new souls; others in preserving and polishing the souls already won. All of which leads up to why I, personally, like priests as people. Because of their diversity and because of their very business, they never bore me. This priestly business deals with human nature, not haberdashery, nor wholesale grocers, nor weather stripping, and so it has a universal appeal.

I'm presenting my posies to the priests because they don't suffer from cheerophobia. (I'm pretty proud of that word. It means "fear of having fun.") Four out of five have a certain joyousness that you find in no other walk of life.

"How in the world," say I to the hospital chaplain, "do you manage confessions in a ward? It's bad enough looking you right in the eye in a private room, let alone having an audience."

"Oh, that?" says he. "Nothing to it." And he pulls a big hunk of cotton wadding out of his coat pocket. "I just go around and plug up their ears. The Protestants all grin and tell me not to bother, that they really don't mind listening, but I plug 'em up anyway. I use the cotton system, not the honor system." See what I mean? A wonderful sacrament, but you can't help chortling at the picture.

There's your priest: moving majestically from the Epistle side to the Gospel side and then facing, solemnly, his flock. There's a letter from the bishop to be read; a listing of all the meetings to be held that week; and a rather distressing financial report. (Into each life some rain must fall. The new window shades for the school cost—woe! woe!—a little more than the income netted from the turkey raffle.) The whole discourse is lavishly sprinkled with the regulation phrases: "Heartly cooperation . . . indeed most edifying . . . wish to thank the excellent chairlady . . . we most earnestly urge. . ."

Is this the whole man? I most earnestly urge you to invite him over to dinner some evening and find out for yourself. Not only will it be indeed most edifying for you (he's intelligent, funny, down to earth) but it's good for the priest. It's good for him to see how the other half, the seamier side, lives. It will also give him a deeper insight as to just why mother finds it a wee bit difficult to conduct a family Rosary after supper. By all means have the kids milling around; don't farm them out to the neighbors in order to present a smooth home front. Then, after a good rousing family session, your priest will go back to the quiet of his rectory with a new joy and contentment in his vocation. Everybody happy.

Let me introduce Father X, a young assistant parish priest. He is a four-star priest but—no cheerophobia!

We drive him home from a Catholic

Action meeting. "The Jehovah Witnesses," he remarks, "predict the day when South Bend streets will be littered with the bodies of Catholic priests." And then, in fine indignation as he peers through the windshield, "And just look at the messy condition of these streets, would you!"

The Sunday parish bulletin comes out, on Pentecost, dated Septuagesima Sunday. The rectory phone starts ringing, the complaints come rolling in, the parish is, liturgically, all in a dither. Father X is highly pleased. "I just wanted to test them out, to see if any of them really read the bulletin," he explains airily.

For a slow-moving man with a generally cautious approach to life, Father sometimes has strange, elfin impulses that amaze me. A lady parishioner, rushing madly around the corner of the church, collides with him. "A very special spring blessing: on you, my dear," he pontificates, and deeply carves the sign of the cross in the spring air. Her discomfiture tickles him. She doesn't know if he's kidding or if this is a bona fide blessing that requires a sinking to the knees right there on the flagstone walk.

Father is standing in the church vestibule, head bent devoutly over his breviary. A young Academy girl rushes in, ten minutes late for Mass. "Good morning, pagan," he says courteously, without raising his head or flicking an eyelid.

In a special bracketing come the editor-priests. I shall probably never meet Father Ambrose or Father Hyacinth



or Father Whoosis, but the mail-correspondence friendships are indeed a pleasure. They start out stiffly, with the editor signing off, "Yours in Christ." A few more encounters and he's winding up with "Now, look, get a wiggle on with that story, will you?" and you're winding up with "The baby's got the chicken pox. Say a prayer for him, will you?"

Those priests are far more encouraging, friendly, and considerate than the secular editors, and I've met but one priest who has caused me any pain. Once I wrote an innocuous little story about a ten-year-old girl (Little Iodine, let us call her) at Camp Jolly-Time. The story came out with all contractions ironed flat. "I do not know," cried Little Iodine, instead of a good American "I don't know!" That dialogue had all the sprightliness of a three-toed sloth. Also, Little Iodine emerged more decently garbed than I had deemed necessary. Instead of slipping into her tennis shorts, Iodine slipped into a tennis dress. That editor made me feel as if I had tried to palm off a *Forever Amber*.

The real sore spot for me, however, is that an accepted manuscript calls for biographical data of the author. I gaze with chartreuse envy at that lucky author who can start out, "Born on a

river barge on the Ganges, I grew up alone, untamed, unlettered." Who, I wonder, is going to be entranced with my biography? I start out in forthright, deadly fashion, "I have spent my entire life in South Bend. At the age of six I broke my leg. In high school I made the second string volleyball team and. . . ." No, no, I can't go on. It's too dull.

One day, I did jazz up that biography just a wee bit. All I know is that back came a check for \$2.50, paying me for my letter at two cents a word. At first I was much impressed. Then I began to think it over. Was that priest intimating, by any chance, that my biographical data was just a nice bit of fiction? Well, I netted \$2.50 from that priest's sense of humor, but the episode left me rather subdued.

In conclusion, may I point out a grave omission on the part of us sheep? The least we can do is occasionally hand our priests little nose-gays, judiciously spaced, of course, so as not to wreak havoc with their humility, and let them know they're not wasting sweetness on the desert air.

Let them know that behind our blank Sunday faces, our inarticulate bleating of "Yes, Father" and "No, Father," there's real personal pleasure in knowing them.

Funny, how the golden rule and the golden stairs are the same color.  
There's no right angle to a marriage triangle.

We'd like to know the Russians better, and also better Russians.

Isn't it sad to think that in these modern apartments nothing is raised except voices?

It's terrible to be poor and unable to buy a lot of things you don't need.

Joseph J. Quinn in the *Southwest Courier*.



*Out of the catacombs*

## *He Lived to Lead*

Condensed from *Newsweek*\*

headquarters at Karlshorst, exploded, "I can't understand that man Kaiser; he always says what he thinks."

Tulpanoff has cause for irritation. For Jacob Kaiser, bucking the Russians with the same courage and high principle he brought to bear against the nazis, has shattered Col. Tulpanoff's dreams of a roseate political future for Moscow in Germany. Tulpanoff had planned a runaway election victory for the SED, the Moscow-nourished unity party of communists and Socialists in the Soviet zone.

He had singled out Kaiser's Christian Democrats as the primary target, the party to curb, ridicule, and if possible extinguish. But in the cities, where the CDU appeared on the ballot and where a relatively honest count was allowed, the "doomed" party showed surprising strength, enough to account for 20% of the voters in the entire Soviet zone. Russian political prestige was further deflated when Foreign Minister Molotoff stated in Paris that the Soviet Union would support permanent Polish retention of the Eastern German areas it has been administering. The first man openly to oppose amputation of the eastern provinces had been Jacob Kaiser.

Kaiser's success in capitalizing on the repressed anti-communism of East-

*A*s a victorious Red army blasted through Berlin's western outskirts on April 30, 1945, an artillery shell exploded on a little house in Babelsberg. It killed Frau Trude Droste.

For ten months Frau Droste had braved the Gestapo by hiding in her cellar one of the leaders of the July 20, 1944, revolt against Hitler, and one of its pitifully few survivors. Next morning, Jacob Kaiser crawled from the cellar. His first act as a free man was to dig Frau Droste's grave. Then he trudged into the paralyzed ruin of Berlin. He resumed his interrupted work as a Catholic trade unionist, and became a founder of a new political party called the Christian Democratic Union.

Now, 17 months later, some of the Russians who liberated Kaiser quietly wish the shell that hit the little Babelsberg house had been of larger caliber. Others are baffled at the spectacle of the lone German politician in their zone who cannot be bought with invasion currency. Col. Sergei Tulpanoff, political marionette artist of Russian

\*Broadway and 42nd St., New York City, 18. Sept. 30, 1946.

ern Germany took on immense significance when coupled with the Christian party's showing elsewhere. In September elections in the British zone, the CDU became the largest single party, outpolling the Socialists and smothering the communists in that highly industrialized region. In the French zone in September the CDU commanded more votes than all its opponents combined. And it had also won in the American zone in April, largely on the strength of its overwhelming capture of Bavaria, where it is known as the Christian Social Union.

The prestige which Jacob Kaiser gained by staying to lead the fight behind the iron curtain, instead of retreating to the safer western zones, makes him the natural leader on a national level of a united CDU embracing all four of the present zonal subdivisions of the party.

Pushing a program of German unity under progressive Christian Socialism, Kaiser wants to bring religion back into politics. To conventional arguments for separation of the two fields, he replies, "I feel our horrible times have suffered from too much rather than too little of that." Kaiser is probably the only political figure with the skill to unite the Catholic conservative group, centering in the Rhineland and Bavaria, with his own progressive following behind a program with mass popular appeal.

To the task ahead of him, as chairman of the CDU and a leading member of the *Freier Deutscher Gewerkschaftsbund*, the trade-union federa-

tion in the Soviet zone, Kaiser brings a rich background of Catholicism, unionism, and courageous anti-nazism. He was born 58 years ago in the small Franconian town of Hammelburg, of Catholic parents. Adopting his father's trade, he became a journeyman bookbinder, wandering all over Germany and Austria shortly after the turn of the century. He was largely self-educated, and early interested himself in the trade-union movement. In 1912 he became a minor official of the Christian Trade Unions in Cologne. In the first world war he served as sergeant in a Rhenish infantry regiment, was wounded several times, and won the Iron Cross, first and second class.

Under the Weimar republic, Kaiser strove to fuse the two major union movements, the largely Catholic Christian Trade Unions and the Free Trade Unions, dominated by the Social Democrats. He was instrumental in putting many labor leaders into the Reichstag, but he himself did not enter that body until 1930, when the last battles were beginning. In the hectic spring of 1933, when the burgeoning Hitler state began to put its tentacles into every free institution in the Reich, Kaiser was the only national labor leader who refused to call out his workers for the May-day parade ordered by Dr. Ley. The next day all unions were dissolved, and orders went out for Kaiser's arrest. Because of his lone stand then, Kaiser is still called "the white raven" by workers who remember the sellout of so many other leaders.

Although the arrest order stood and

his freedom was severely restricted, Kaiser was not jailed until 1938, when he was arrested for treason. Meanwhile, with a bland courage which shook even the nazis, he appeared at the Labor Front office to demand pensions for families of labor leaders Hitler had thrown into concentration camps—and he got them.

Finally sent to prison in Ulm, he was agreeably surprised when the treason charge was dropped after only six months. If the nazis had investigated further, they would have found the charge valid. As early as 1936 he had begun to lay plans for the overthrow of Hitler.

When war came, Kaiser became a leader of the labor group, together with Wilhelm Leutschner of the Social

Democrats and Max Habermann of the Christian Trade Unions. They were later approached by Reinhard Godeler, the *Bürgermeister* of Leipzig and a co-leader with General Beck of the plot which culminated in the 1944 bomb attempt on Hitler's life. Kaiser was offered the ministry of labor in the proposed new German cabinet, but refused the post in favor of leadership of the revived trade unions.

The day after the bomb attempt, Kaiser met Godeler, Jacob Wirmer, and other rebels in their secret rendezvous in a tobacco shop on Rosenthalerstrasse. They hid for days, while heads were rolling in Berlin, and finally each left individually when the city became too hot. Of the men who gathered in the shop, only Kaiser survived.



## A City Grows

San Francisco is not so cramped for space as a glance at the map would indicate. Yerba Buena, gloomy Alcatraz, and the Farallone islands are all within the city limits, even though the latter group is 20-odd miles offshore. The most unusual holding of the city, however, is nearly 7,000 miles distant, a house and corral in the village of Petra, on Majorca island in the Balearic group, just off the coast of Spain in the western Mediterranean.

The plot of ground, barely 70 by 30 feet in extent, was deeded to San Francisco, tax free, in 1932 by the Majorca Rotary club. It embraces the birthplace of kindly Father Junipero Serra, founder of the California missions.

Jasper B. Sinclair in *Westways Magazine* (Feb. '46).

## Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Dana, Richard Henry, Jr. *TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST: a Personal Narrative of Life at Sea. (Rainbow Classics). Illustrated by Alexander Dobkin. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. 415 pp., illus. \$1.* A young New Englander's diary of a voyage for cattle hides to California in the Spanish days before the gold rush.

Davison, Archibald T., & Apel, Willi. *HISTORICAL ANTHOLOGY OF MUSIC: Oriental, Medieval and Renaissance Music. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 258 pp. \$7.50.* Melodies from earliest times down through the 16th century, each selection designed to bring out a significant phase of music's growth; valuable help to music appreciation.

Holand, Hjalmar R. *AMERICA 1355-1364; a New Chapter in Pre-Columbian History. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 256 pp., illus. \$4.* Fourteenth-century Norse weapons and mooring stones found in Minnesota, together with structural similarities between the old Newport tower and Scandinavian buildings, give new weight to belief that Norsemen explored America a century before Columbus came.

Marshall, Bruce. *YELLOW TAPERS FOR PARIS. Boston: Houghton. 294 pp. \$2.50.* The poor of prewar Paris, confused, selfish, but pitiable, are finally taken by Hitler after they have forgotten God and have in turn been ill-treated by mammon. A good adult novel by the author of *The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith.*

Moore, Thomas H., S.J. *THE DARKNESS IS PASSED. N. Y.: Declan X. McMullen. 176 pp. \$2.* Twenty-six meditations on the life of Christ; as easy to read as a novel. Selection of the Spiritual Book Associates.

Orwell, George. *ANIMAL FARM. New York: Harcourt. 118 pp. \$1.75.* Communistically inspired animals turn out their owner but then fall to exploiting one another. Good-humored but sharply pointed fable.

Roche, Aloysius. *A BEDSIDE BOOK OF SAINTS. Milwaukee: Bruce. 145 pp. \$1.75.* Each chapter takes a single character trait (common sense, humor, friendship, peace) and shows it in action in a number of saints. First American printing of one of the most popular modern books on the saints.

ROGET'S INTERNATIONAL THESAURUS. *New Ed., Revised and Reset; the Complete Book of Synonyms and Antonyms in American and British Usage. New York: Crowell. 1194 pp. \$4.50.* A thesaurus brings together all words of related meaning in order to help you choose the one most exactly representing your thought. Roget's has been standard for 90 years and has been completely brought up to date in this edition.

Steinmuller, John E., & Sullivan, Kathryn. *A COMPANION TO THE OLD TESTAMENT. New York: Wagner. 406 pp. \$4.50.* A handbook summarizing the story of the Old Testament and supplying the background needed for an understanding use of this ancient classic whose primary author is God.

Von Hagen, Victor W. *SOUTH AMERICAN ZOO; Illustrated by Francis Lee Jaques. New York: Messner. 182 pp., illus. \$2.50.* Jungle, islands, plain, and mountains of the southern continent support a bird and animal life strange to us. Fine illustrations, large print, and interesting style will appeal to young and old.



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